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DR. JONATHAN SWIFT, K

DEAN OF SAINT PATRICK'S,
DUBLIN.

I N

TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. I.

G L A S G O W:

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OF THE

FIRST VOLUME

* Whatever series are marked with an asterisk
presumed, are thought not to be the Swift's

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MISCELLANIES.

VOL. I.

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C A D E N U S

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V A N E S S A.

Written anno 1713.

THE shepherds and the nymphs were seen
Pleading before the Cyprian Queen.
The counsel for the fair began,
Accusing the false creature *man*.
The brief with weighty crimes was charg'd,
On which the pleader much enlarg'd;
That Cupid now has lost his art,
Or blunts the point of every dart;—
His altar now no longer smokes,
His mother's aid no youth invokes:
This tempts freethinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their powers divine;
Now love is dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money-league.
Which crimes aforesaid (*with her leave*)
Were (*as he humbly did conceive*)
Against our sov'reign lady's peace,
Against the statute in that case,
Against her dignity and crown:
Then pray'd an answer, and sat down.

The *nymphs* with scorn beheld their foes :
When the *defendant's* counsel rose,
And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
With impudence own'd all the fact;
But, what the gentlest heart would vex,
Laid all the fault on t'other sex.
That modern love is no such thing,
As what those antient poets sing;
A fire celestial, chaste, refin'd,
Conceiv'd and kindled in the mind;
Which having found an equal flame,
Unites, and both become the same,
In different breasts together burn,
Together both to ashes turn.
But women now feel no such fire,
And only know the gross desire.
Their passions move in lower spheres,
Where'er caprice or folly steers.
A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
Or some worse brute in human shape,
Ingross the fancies of the fair,
The few soft moments they can spare,
From visits to receive and pay;
From scandal, politics, and play;
From fanes, and flounces, and brocades,
From equipage and park-parades,
From all the thousand female toys,
From every trifle that employs
The out or inside of their heads,
Between their toilets and their beds.

In a dull stream, which moving slow,
 You hardly see the current flow;
 If a small breeze obstructs the course,
 It whirls about for want of force,
 And in its narrow circle gathers
 Nothing but chaff, and straws, and feathers:
 The current of a female mind
 Stops thus, and turns with every wind;
 Thus whirling round together draws
 Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and straws.
 Hence we conclude, no womens hearts
 Are won by virtue, wit, and parts;
 Nor are the men of sense to blame,
 For breasts incapable of flame:
 The fault must on the nymphs be plac'd,
 Grown so corrupted in their taste.

The pleader, having spoke his best,
 Had witness ready to attest,
 Who fairly could on oath depose,
 When questions on the fact arose,
 That every article was true;
Nor further those deponents knew:—
 Therefore he humbly would insist,
 The bill might be with costs dismiss'd.

The cause appear'd of so much weight,
 That Venus, from her judgment-seat,
 Desir'd them not to talk so loud,
 Else she must interpose a cloud:
 For if the heavenly folk should know
 These pleadings in the courts below,

That mortals here disdain to love,
 She ne'er could shew her face above;
 For gods, their betters, are too wise
 To value that which men despise.
 And then, said she, my son and I
 Must stroll in air, 'twixt earth and sky;
 Or else, shut out from heaven and earth,
 Fly to the sea, my place of birth;
 There live with daggled mermaids pent,
 And keep on fish perpetual lent.

But, since the case appear'd so nice,
 She thought it best to take advice.
 The *musés*, by their king's permission,
 Tho' foes to love, attend the session,
 And on the right hand took their places.
 In order; on the left, the *graces*:
 To whom she might her doubts propose
 On all emergencies that rose.
 The *musés* oft were seen to frown;
 The *graces* half-asham'd look down;
 And 'twas observ'd, there were but few
 Of either sex among the crew,
 Whom she or her assessors knew.
 The goddesses soon began to see,
 Things were not ripe for a decree;
 And said, she must consult her books,
 The *lovers'* Fletas, Bractons, Cokes.
 First to a dapper clerk she beckon'd
 To turn to Ovid, book the second;

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She then referr'd them to a place
 In Virgil (*vide* Dido's case :)
 As for Tibullus's reports,
 They never pass'd for law in courts :
 For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
 Still their authority was smaller.

There was on both sides much to say :
 She'd hear the cause another day ;
 And so she did, and then a third ;
 She heard it—there she kept her word :
 But with rejoinders and replies,
 Long bills, and answers stuff'd with lies,
 Demur, imparlance, and effoign,
 The parties ne'er could issue join :
 For sixteen years the cause was spun,
 And then stood where it first begun.

Now, gentle Clio, sing or say,
 What Venus meant by this delay.
 The goddess, much perplex'd in mind
 To see her empire thus declin'd,
 When first this grand debate arose,
 Above her wisdom to compose,
 Conceiv'd a project in her head
 To work her ends; which, if it sped,
 Would shew the merits of the cause
 Far better than consulting laws.

In a glad hour Lucina's aid
 Produc'd on earth a wond'rous maid,
 On whom the queen of love was bent
 To try a new experiment.

She threw her law-books on the shelf,
And thus debated with herself.

Since men alledge, they ne'er can find
Those beauties in a female mind,
Which raise a flame that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure;
If 'tis with reason they complain,
This instant shall restore my reign.
I'll search where every virtue dwells,
From courts inclusive down to cells;
What preachers talk, or sages write:
These I will gather and unite,
And represent them to mankind
Collected in that infant's mind.

This said, she plucks in heaven's high bowers,
A sprig of *amaranthine* flowers,
In nectar thrice infuses bays,
Three times refin'd in Titan's rays;
Then calls the *graces* to her aid,
And sprinkles thrice the new-born maid:
From whence the tender skin assumes
A sweetness above all perfumes:
From whence a cleanliness remains,
Incapable of outward stains:
From whence that decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind;
Where not one careless thought intrudes,
Less modest than the speech of prudes;
Where never blush was call'd in aid,
That spurious virtue in a maid,

A virtue but at second-hand;
They blush, because they understand.

The *graces* next would act their part,
And shew'd but little of their art;
Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty shone;
The outward form no help requir'd:
Each breathing on her thrice, inspir'd
That gentle, soft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair:
And said, "*Vanessa* be the name
" By which thou shalt be known to fame;
" *Vanessa*, by the gods inroll'd:
" Her name on earth—shall not be told."

But still the work was not complete;
When Venus thought on a deceit,
Drawn by her doves, away she flies,
And finds out Pallas in the skies:
Dear Pallas, I have been this morn
To see a lovely infant born;
A boy in yonder isle below,
So like my own without his bow,
By beauty could your heart be won,
You'd swear it is Apollo's son:
But it shall ne'er be said, a child
So hopeful has by me been spoil'd;
I have enough besides to spare,
And give him wholly to your care.

Wisdom's above suspecting wiles:
The queen of learning gravely smiles,

Down from Olympus comes with joy,
 Mistakes Vanessa for a boy;
 Then sows within her tender mind
 Seeds long unknown to womankind;
 For manly bosoms chiefly fit,
 The seeds of knowledge, judgment, wit.
 Her soul was suddenly endu'd
 With justice, truth, and fortitude;
 With honour, which no breath can stain,
 Which malice must attack in vain;
 With open heart and bounteous hand.
 But Pallas here was at a stand;
 She knew in our degen'rate days
 Bare virtue could not live on praise;—
 That meat must be with money bought:
 She therefore, upon second thought,
 Infus'd, yet as it were by stealth,
 Some small regard for state and wealth;
 Of which, as she grew up, there staid
 A tincture in the prudent maid:
 She manag'd her estate with care,
 Yet lik'd three footmen to her chair.
 But, lest he should neglect his studies
 Like a young heir, the thrifty goddess
 (For fear young master should be spoil'd)
 Would use him like a younger child;
 And, after long computing, found
 'Twould come to just five thousand pound.

The queen of love was pleas'd, and proud,
 To see Vanessa thus endow'd:

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She doubted not but such a dame
 Thro' ev'ry breast would dart a flame;
 That every rich and lordly swain
 With pride would drag about her chain;
 That scholars would forsake their books
 To study bright Vanessa's looks;
 As she advanc'd, that womankind
 Would by her model form their mind,
 And all their conduct would be try'd
 By her, as an unerring guide;
 Offending daughters oft would hear
 Vanessa's praise rung in their ear:
 Miss Betty, when she does a fault,
 Lets fall her knife, or spills the salt,
 Will thus be by her mother chid,
 " 'Tis what Vanessa never did."
 Thus by the nymphs and swains ador'd,
 My power shall be again restor'd,
 And happy lovers blest my reign——
 So Venus hop'd, but hop'd in vain.

For when in time the *martial maid*
 Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
 She shakes her helm, she knits her brows,
 And fir'd with indignation vows,
 To-morrow, ere the setting sun,
 She'd all undo that she had done.

But in the poets we may find,
 A wholesome law, time out of mind,
 Had been confirm'd by fate's decree,
 That gods, of whatsoe'er degree,

Resume not what themselves have given,
 Or any brother-god in heaven;
 Which keeps the peace among the gods,
 Or they must always be at odds:
 And Pallas, if she broke the laws,
 Must yield her foe the stronger cause;
 A shame to one so much ador'd
 For wisdom at Jove's council-board.
 Besides, she fear'd the queen of love
 Would meet with better friends above.
 And tho' she must with grief reflect,
 To see a mortal virgin deck'd
 With graces hitherto unknown
 To female breasts, except her own;
 Yet she would act as best became
 A goddess of unspotted fame.
 She knew, by augury divine,
 Venus would fail in her design:
 She study'd well the point, and found
 Her foe's conclusions were not sound,
 From premisses erroneous brought,
 And therefore the deduction's nought,
 And must have contrary effects,
 To what her treach'rous foe expects.

In proper season Pallas meets
 The queen of love, whom thus she greets;
 (For gods, we are by Homer told,
 Can in celestial language scold.)
 Perfidious goddess! but in vain
 You form'd this project in your brain,

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A project for thy talents fit,
 With much deceit and little wit.
 Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,
 Deceiv'd thyself, instead of me:
 For how can heav'nly wisdom prove
 An instrument to earthly love?
 Know'st thou not yet, that men commence
 Thy votaries for want of sense?
 Nor shall Vanessa be the theme
 To manage thy abortive scheme:
 She'll prove the greatest of thy foes;
 And yet I scorn to interpose,
 But using neither skill nor force,
 Leave all things to their nat'ral course.

The goddess thus pronounc'd her doom;
 When lo! Vanessa in her bloom
 Advanc'd, like Atalanta's star,
 But rarely seen, and seen from far:
 In a new world with caution stept,
 Watch'd all the company she kept,
 Well knowing, from the books she read,
 What dang'rous paths young virgins tread:
 Would seldom at the park appear,
 Nor saw the play-house twice a year;
 Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd
 To know the converse of mankind.

First issu'd from perfumer's shops,
 A croud of fashionable fops:
 They ask'd her, how she lik'd the play?
 Then told the tattle of the day;

A duel fought last night at two;
About a lady—you know who;
Mention'd a new Italian, come
Either from Muscovy or Rome;
Gave hints of who and who's together;
Then fell to talking of the weather;
Last night was so extremely fine,
The ladies walk'd till after nine.
Then in soft voice and speech absurd,
With nonsense ev'ry second word,
With fustian from exploded plays,
They celebrate her beauty's praise;
Run o'er their cant of stupid lies,
And tell the murders of her eyes.

With silent scorn Vanessa sat,
Scarce list'ning to their idle chat;
Further than sometimes by a frown,
When they grew pert, to pull them down.
At last she spitefully was bent
To try their wisdom's full extent;
And said, she valu'd nothing less
Than titles, figure, shape, and dress;
That merit should be chiefly plac'd
In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taste;
And these, she offer'd to dispute,
Alone distinguish'd man from brute:
That present times have no pretence
To virtue, in the noble sense
By Greeks and Romans understood,
To perish for our country's good.

he nam'd the antient heroes round,
 explain'd for what they were renown'd;
 Then spoke with censure or applause,
 Of foreign customs, rites, and laws;
 Thro' nature and thro' art she rang'd;
 And gracefully her subject chang'd:
 In vain: her hearers had no share
 In all she spoke, except to stare.
 Their judgment was upon the whole,
 —That lady is the dullest soul—
 Then tipt their forehead in a jeer,
 As who should say—She wants it here;
 She may be handsome, young, and rich,
 But none will burn her for a witch.

A party next of glitt'ring dames,
 From round the purlieus of St. James,
 Came early, out of pure good-will,
 To see the girl in dishabille.
 Their clamour, 'lighting from their chairs,
 Drew louder all the way up stairs;
 At entrance loudest; where they found
 The room with volumes litter'd round.
 Vanessa held Montaigne, and read,
 Whilst Mrs. Susan comb'd her head.
 They call'd for tea and chocolate,
 And fell into their usual chat,
 Discour'ing, with important face,
 On ribbons, fans, and gloves and lace;
 New'd patterns just from India brought,
 And gravely ask'd her what she thought;

Whether the red or green were best,
 And what they cost? Vanessa guess'd
 As came into her fancy first;
 Nam'd half the rates, and lik'd the worst.
 To scandal next—What awkward thing
 Was that last Sunday in the ring?
 I'm sorry Mopsa breaks so fast;
 I said her face would never last.
 Corinna, with that youthful air,
 Is thirty, and a bit to spare:
 Her fondness for a certain Earl
 Began, when I was but a girl.
 Phillis, who but a month ago
 Was marry'd to the Tunbridge bean,
 I saw coquetting t'other night
 In public with that odious knight.

They rally'd next Vanessa's dress:

That gown was made for old Queen Bess.
 Dear Madam, let me see your head:
 Don't you intend to put on red?
 A petticoat without a hoop!
 Sure, you are not asham'd to stoop;
 With handsome garters at your knees,
 No matter what a fellow sees.

Fill'd with disdain, with rage inflam'd,
 Both of herself and sex asham'd,
 The nymph stood silent out of spight,
 Nor would vouchsafe to set them right.
 Away the fair detractors went,
 And gave by turns their censures vent.

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She's not so handsome in my eyes:
 For wit, I wonder where it lies.
 She's fair and clean, and that's the most:
 But why proclaim her for a toast?
 A baby face, no life, no airs,
 But what she learn'd at country-fairs;
 Scarce knows what difference is between
 Rich Flanders lace and Colberteen.
 I'll undertake, my little Nancy
 In flounces hath a better fancy.
 With all her wit, I would not ask
 Her judgment how to buy a mask.
 We begg'd her but to patch her face,
 She never hit one proper place,
 Which ev'ry girl at five years old
 Can do, as soon as she is told.
 Down, that out-of-fashion stuff
 Becomes the creature well enough.
 The girl might pass, if we could get her
 To know the world a little better.
 (*To know the world! a modern phrase*
 For visits, ombre, balls, and plays.)
 Thus, to the world's perpetual shame,
 The queen of beauty lost her aim.
 Too late with grief she understood,
 Pallas had done more harm than good:
 For great examples are but vain,
 Where ignorance begets disdain.
 Both sexes, arm'd with guilt and spite,
 Against Vanessa's pow'r unite:

To copy her few nymphs aspir'd;
 Her virtues fewer swains admir'd;
 So stars beyond a certain height
 Give mortals neither heat nor light.

Yet some of either sex, endow'd
 With gifts superior to the croud,
 With virtue, knowledge, taste, and wit,
 She condescended to admit.
 With pleasing arts she could reduce
 Mens talents to their proper use;
 And with address each genius held
 To that wherein it most excell'd;
 Thus making others wisdom known,
 Could please them, and improve her own.
 A modest youth said something new;
 She plac'd it in the strongest view.
 All humble worth she strove to raise;
 Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praise.
 The learned met with free approach,
 Altho' they came not in a coach:
 Some clergy too she would allow,
 Nor quarrell'd at their awkward bow.
 But this was for Cadenus' sake,
 A gownman of a diff'rent make;
 Whom Pallas, once Vanessa's tutor,
 Had fix'd on for her coadjutor.

But Cupid, full of mischief, longs
 To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
 On Pallas all attempts are vain:
 One way he knows to give her pain;

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Vows on Vanessa's heart to take
Due vengeance for her patron's sake:
Those early seeds by Venus sown,
In spite of Pallas, now were grown;
And Cupid hop'd, they would improve
By time, and ripen into love.
The boy made use of all his craft,
In vain discharging many a shaft,
Pointed at col'nels, lords, and beaux:
Cadenus warded off the blows;
For, placing still some book betwixt,
The darts were in the cover fix'd,
Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
On Plutarch's morals struck, were spoil'd.

The queen of wisdom could foresee,
But not prevent, the fates decree:
And human caution tries in vain
To break that adamant chain,
Vanessa, tho' by Pallas taught,
By Love invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wisdom's aid,
Was, in the very search, betray'd.

Cupid, tho' all his darts were lost,
Yet still resolv'd to spare no cost:
He could not answer to his fame
The triumphs of that stubborn dame,
A nymph so hard to be subdu'd,
Who neither was coquette nor prude.
I find, said he, she wants a doctor
Both to adore her, and instruct her:

I'll give her what she most admires
 Among those venerable fires,
 Cadenus is a subject fit,
 Grown old in politics and wit,
 Carefs'd by ministers of state,
 Of half mankind the dread and hate:
 Whate'er vexations love attend,
 She need no rivals apprehend,
 Her sex, with universal voice,
 Must laugh at her capricious choice.

Cadenus many things had writ:
 Vanessa much esteem'd his wit,
 And call'd for his poetic works:
 Mean time the boy in secret lurks,
 And, while the book was in her hand,
 The urchin from his private stand
 Took aim, and shot with all his strength
 A dart of such prodigious length,
 It pierc'd the feeble volume thro',
 And deep transfix'd her bosom too.
 Some lines, more moving than the rest,
 Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breast,
 And, borne directly to the heart,
 With pains unknown, increas'd her smart.

Vanessa, not in years a score,
 Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
 Imaginary charms can find
 In eyes with reading almost blind:
 Cadenus now no more appears
 Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years.

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She fancies music in his tongue,
 Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.
 What mariner is not afraid
 To venture in a ship decay'd?
 What planter will attempt to yoke
 A sapling with a falling oak?
 As years increase, the brighter shines
 Cadenus with each day declines;
 And he must fall a prey to time,
 While she continues in her prime.

Cadenus, common forms apart,
 In ev'ry scene had kept his heart;
 Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
 For pastime, or to shew his wit.
 But time, and books, and state-affairs,
 Had spoil'd his fashionable airs:
 He now could praise, esteem, approve,
 But understood not what was love.
 His conduct might have made him styl'd
 A father, and the nymph his child.
 That innocent delight he took
 To see the virgin mind her book,
 Was but the master's secret joy
 In school to hear the finest boy.
 Her knowledge with her fancy grew;
 She hourly press'd for something new;
 Ideas came into her mind;
 So fast, his lessons lagg'd behind;
 She reason'd, without plodding long,
 Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.

But now a sudden change was wrought:
 She minds no longer what he taught;
 Cadenus was amaz'd to find
 Such marks of a distracted mind:
 For, tho' she seem'd to listen more
 'To all he spoke, than e'er before,
 He found her thoughts would absent range,
 Yet guess'd not whence could spring the change.
 And first he modestly conjectures
 His pupil might be tir'd with lectures;
 Which help'd to mortify his pride,
 Yet gave him not the heart to chide:
 But in a mild dejected strain,
 At last he ventur'd to complain;
 Said, she should be no longer teas'd;
 Might have her freedom when she pleas'd;
 Was now convine'd, he acted wrong
 To hide her from the world so long,
 And in dull studies to engage
 One of her tender sex and age;
 That ev'ry nymph with envy own'd,
 How she might shine in the *grand monde*;
 And ev'ry shepherd was undone
 To see her cloister'd like a nun.
 This was a visionary scheme:
 He wak'd, and found it but a dream;
 A project far above his skill;
 For nature must be nature still.
 If he was bolder than became
 A scholar to a courtly dame,

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She might excuse a man of letters;
Thus tutors often treat their betters;
And, since his talk offensive grew,
He came to take his last adieu.

Vanessa, fill'd with just disdain,
Would still her dignity maintain,
Instructed, from her early years,
To scorn the art of female tears.

Had he employ'd his time so long
To teach her what was right and wrong,
Yet could such notions entertain,
That all his lectures were in vain?
She own'd the wand'ring of her thoughts;
But he must answer for her faults,
She well remember'd, to her cost,
That all his lessons were not lost.
Two maxims she could still produce,
And sad experience taught their use;
That virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own;
Can make us without fear disclose
Our inmost secrets to our foes;
That common forms were not design'd
Directors to a noble mind.
Now, said the nymph, I'll let you see
My actions with your rules agree;
That I can vulgar forms despise,
And have no secrets to disguise.
I knew, by what you said and writ,
How dang'rous things were men of wit;

You caution'd me against their charms,
But never gave me equal arms;
Your lessons found the weakest part,
Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart.

Cadenus felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise.
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her usual style:
And yet her words were so express'd,
He could not hope she spoke in jest.
His thoughts had wholly been confin'd
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph was young or old;
Had met her in a public place,
Without distinguishing her face:
Much less could his declining age
Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage;
And if her youth indiff'rence met,
His person must contempt beget:
Or, grant her passion be sincere,
How shall his innocence be clear?
Appearances were all so strong,
The world must think him in the wrong;
Would say, he made a treach'rous use
Of wit, to flatter and seduce:
The town would swear he had betray'd
By magic spells the harmless maid:
And ev'ry beau would have his jokes,
That scholars were like other folks;

That, when Platonic flights were over,
 The tutor turn'd a mortal lover;
 So tender of the young and fair!
 He shew'd a true paternal care—
 Five thousand guineas in her purse!
 The Doctor might have fancy'd worse—

Hardly at length he silence broke,
 And falter'd ev'ry word he spoke;
 Interpreting her complaisance,
 Just as a man *fans consequence*,
 She rally'd well, he always knew:
 Her manner now was something new,
 And what she spoke was in an air
 As serious as a tragic player.

But those who aim at ridicule,
 Should fix upon some certain rule,
 Which fairly hints they are in jest,
 Else he must enter his protest:
 For let a man be ne'er so wise,
 He may be caught with sober lies;
 A science which he never taught,
 And, to be free, was dearly bought;
 For, take it in its proper light,
 'Tis just what coxcombs call a *bite*.

But, not to dwell on things minute,
 Vanessa finish'd the dispute,
 Brought weighty arguments to prove
 That reason was her guide in love.
 She thought he had himself describ'd,
 His doctrines when she first imbib'd:

What he had planted, now was grown;
His virtues she might call her own;
As he approves, as he dislikes,
Love or contempt her fancy strikes.
Self-love, in nature rooted fast,
Attends us first, and leaves us last:
Why she likes him, admire not at her;
She loves herself, and that's the matter.
How was her tutor wont to praise
The geniuses of antient days!
(Those authors he so oft had nam'd,
For learning, wit, and wisdom fam'd;)
Was struck with love, esteem, and awe,
For persons whom he never saw.
Suppose Cadenus flourish'd then,
He must adore such god-like men.
If one short volume could comprise
All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,
How would it be esteem'd and read,
Altho' the writer long were dead!
If such an author were alive,
How all would for his friendship strive,
And come in crouds to see his face!
And this she takes to be her case.
Cadenus answers ev'ry end,
The book, the author, and the friend;
The utmost her desires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach:
His converse is a system fit
Alone to fill up all her wit;

While ev'ry passion of her mind
To him is center'd and confin'd.

Love can with speech inspire a mute,
And taught Vanessa to dispute.

This topic never touch'd before,
Display'd her eloquence the more:

Her knowledge, with such pains acquir'd,
By this new passion grew inspir'd:

Tho' this she made all objects pass,
Which gave a tincture o'er the mass;

As rivers, tho' they bend and twine,
Still to the sea their course incline;

Or, as philosophers, who find
Some fav'rite system to their mind,

In ev'ry point to make it fit,
Will force all nature to submit.

Cadenus, who could ne'er suspect:
His lessons would have such effect,

Or be so artfully apply'd,
Insensibly came on her side.

It was an unforeseen event;
Things took a turn he never meant.

Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes:

Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought.

The nymph in sober words intreats
A truce with all sublime conceits:

For why such raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durst not read romances?

In lofty stile to make replies,
 Which he had taught her to despise?
 But when her tutor will affect
 Devotion, duty, and respect,
 He fairly abdicates his throne;
 'The government is now her own :
 But tho' her arguments were strong,
 At least could hardly wish them wrong.
 Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
 But sure she never talk'd so well.
 His pride began to interpose;
 Preferr'd before a croud of beaux !
 So bright a nymph to come unsought !
 Such wonder by his merit wrought !
 'Tis merit must with her prevail;
 He never knew her judgment fail.
 She noted all she ever read,
 And had a most discerning head.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
 That vanity's the food of fools;
 Yet now and then your men of wit
 Will condescend to take a bit.

So, when Cadenus could not hide,
 He chose to justify, his pride;
 When Miss delights in her spinnet,
 A fiddler may a fortune get;
 A blockhead, with melodious voice,
 In boarding-schools can have his choice :
 And oft the dancing-master's art
 Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.

In learning let a nymph delight,
The pedant gets a mistress by't.
Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame;
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear;
Wherein his dignity and age
Forbidden Cadenus to engage.
But friendship, in its greatest height,
A constant, rational delight,
On virtue's basis fix'd at last,
When love's allurements long are past,
Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return;
His want of passion will redeem
With gratitude, respect, esteem;
With that devotion we bestow,
When goddesses appear below.
While thus Cadenus entertains
Vanessa in exalted strains,
Constr'ing the passion she had shown,
Much to her praise, more to his own.
Nature in him had merit plac'd,
In her a most judicious taste.
Love, hitherto a transient guest,
Ne'er held possession in his breast;
So long attending at the gate,
Disdain'd to enter in so late.

Love why do we one passion call,
 When 'tis a compound of them all?
 He has a forfeiture incurr'd;
 She vows to take him at his word,
 And hopes he will not think it strange,
 If both should now their stations change,
 The nymph will have her turn to be
 The tutor; and the pupil, he:
 Tho' she already can discern,
 Her scholar is not apt to learn;
 Or wants capacity to reach
 The science she designs to teach:
 Wherein his genius was below
 The skill of ev'ry common beau:
 Who, tho' he cannot spell, is wise
 Enough to read a lady's eyes,
 And will each accidental glance
 Interpret for a kind advance.

But what success Vanessa met,
 Is to the world a secret yet.
 Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
 Talks in a high romantic strain;
 Or whether he at last descends
 To act with less seraphic ends;
 Or, to compound the business, whether
 They temper love and books together;
 Must never to mankind be told,
 Nor shall the conscious muse unfold.

Meantime the mournful *queen of love*
 Led but a weary life above.

She ventures now to leave the skies,
 Grown by Vanessa's conduct wise :
 For tho' by one perverse event
 Pallas had cross'd her first intent,
 Tho' her design was not obtain'd;
 Yet had she much experience gain'd,
 And, by the project vainly try'd,
 Could better now the *cause* decide.
 She gave due notice, that both parties,
Coram Regina prox' die Martis,
 Should at their peril, without fail,
 Come and appear, and save their bail.
 All met; and, silence thrice proclaim'd,
 One lawyer to each side was nam'd.
 The judge discover'd in her face
 Resentments for her late disgrace;
 And, full of anger, shame, and grief,
 Directed them to mind their brief;
 Nor spend their time to shew their readings;
 She'd have a summary proceeding.
 She gather'd under every head
 The sum of what each lawyer said,
 Gave her own reasons last, and then
 Decreed the cause against the *men*.

But, in a weighty case like this,
 To shew she did not judge amiss,
 Which evil tongues might else report,
 She made a speech in open court;
 Wherein she grievously complains,
 "How she was cheated by the swains;"

On whose petition (humbly shewing
That women were not worth the wooing,
And that, unless the sex would mend,
The race of lovers soon must end),

“ She was at Lord knows what expence

“ To form a nymph of wit and sense,

“ A model for her sex design’d,

“ Who never could one lover find.

“ She saw, her favour was misplac’d ;

“ The fellows had a wretched taste ;

“ She needs must tell them to their face,

“ They were a senseless, stupid race ;

“ And, were she to begin agen,

“ She’d study to reform the *men* ;

“ Or add some grains of folly more

“ To *women*, than they had before,

“ To put them on an equal foot ;

“ And this, or nothing else, would do’t.

“ This might their mutual fancy strike ;

“ Since ev’ry being loves its *like*.

“ But now, repenting what was done,

“ She left all bus’ness to her son ;

“ She puts the world in his possession,

“ And let him use it at discretion.”

The cry’r was order’d to dismiss

The court, so made his last *O yes* !

The goddess would no longer wait ;

But, rising from her chair of state,

Left all below at six and sev’n,

Harnes’d her doves, and flew to heav’n.

B A U C I S
A N D
P H I L E M O N.

Imitated from the eight book of Ovid.

Written about the year 1708.

IN antient times, as story tells,
The faints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd on a winter-night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, faints by trade,
Taking their *tour* in masquerade,
Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a small village down in Kent;
Where, in the strollers canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Try'd ev'ry tone might pity win;
But not a soul would let them in.

Our wand'ring faints in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having thro' all the village past,
To a small cottage came at last;

Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon;
Who kindly did these *saints* invite
In his poor hut to pass the night;
And then the hospitable fire
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fry'd;
'Then stepp'd aside to fetch 'em drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful!) they found,
'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
As if they had not touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry,——What ar't!
Then softly turn'd aside to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle *pilgrims*, soon aware on't,
Told them their calling, and their errant :
Good folks, you need not be afraid;
We are but *saints*, the hermits said;
No hurt shall come to you or yours :
But for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drown'd ;

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Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes.

They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose ev'ry beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.

The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a joist,
But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below:
In vain; for a superior force
Apply'd at bottom stops its course:
Doom'd ever in in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slow'r.
The flier, tho't had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could see't;
But, slacken'd by some secret pow'r,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near ally'd,
Had never left each other's side:
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;

But, up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adher'd ;
And still its love to household-cares,
By a shrill voice at noon, declares,
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast-meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall ;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And, with small change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring show,
To a less noble substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.

The ballads pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The little children in the wood,
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, size, and letter ;
And, high in order plac'd, describe
The heraldry of ev'ry tribe.

A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into pews ;
Which still their antient nature keep,
By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.

The cottage by such feats as these
Crown to a church by just degrees,

the hermits then desir'd their host
 To ask for what he fancy'd most.
 Philemon, having paus'd awhile,
 Return'd them thanks in homely style;
 Then said, My house is grown so fine,
 Methinks, I still would call it mine;
 I'm old, and fain would live at ease;
 Make me the *parson*, if you please.

He spoke, and presently he feels
 His grazier's coat fall down his heels;
 He sees, yet hardly can believe,
 About each arm a pudding-sleeve;
 His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
 And both assum'd a sable hue;
 But, being old, continued just
 As thread-bare, and as full of dust.
 His talk was now of *tythes* and *dues*;
 He smok'd his pipe, and read the news;
 Knew how to preach old sermons next,
 Timp'd in the preface and the text;
 At christ'nings well could act his part,
 And had the service all by heart;
 Wish'd women might have children fast,
 And thought whose fow had farrow'd last;
 Against *dissenters* would repine,
 And stood up firm for *right-divine*;
 And his head fill'd with many a system:
 Of classic authors,——he ne'er miss'd 'em.
 Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
 Came Baucis next they play'd their farce on.

Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen
 Good pinners edg'd with *colberteen*;
 Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
 Became black fatten flounc'd with lace.
 Plain *Goody* would no longer down,
 'Twas *Madam*, in her gogram gown.
 Philemon was in great surprize,
 And hardly could believe his eyes,
 Amaz'd to see her look so prim;
 And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life
 Were sev'ral years this man and wife;
 When on a day, which prov'd their last,
 Discoursing o'er old stories past,
 They went by chance, amidst their talk,
 To the church-yard to take a walk;
 When *Baucis* hastily cry'd out,
 My dear, I see your forehead sprout!
 Sprout! quoth the man; what's this you tell us?
 I hope you don't believe me jealous:
 But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
 And really yours is budding too——
 Nay,——now I cannot stir my foot;
 It feels as if 'twere taking root.

Description would but tire my muse;
 In short, they both were turn'd to *yews*.

Old Goodman Dobson of the green
 Remembers, he the trees has seen;
 He'll talk of them from noon till night,
 And goes with folks to shew the sight;

On Sundays, after evening pray'r,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either *yew*;
Here Baucis, there Philemon grew :
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
At which 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew scrubby, dy'd a-top, was stunted;
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

D r

us ?

DESCRIPTION
OF A
CITY-SHOWER.

In Imitation of Virgil's Georgics.

Written in the year 1712.

CAREFUL observers may foretel the hour
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a show'r.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolicks, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine;
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming show'r your shooting corns presage,
Old aches throb, your hollow tooth will rage;
Saunt'ring in coffee-house is Dulman seen;
He damns the climate, and complains of *spleen*.

Mean while the south, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first-drizzling show'r is born aslope:

A DESCRIPTION OF A CITY-SHOWER. 41

Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
 Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean :
 You fly, invoke the gods ; then turning, stop
 To rail ; she singing, still whirls on her mop.
 Not yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strife,
 But, aided by the wind, fought still for life,
 And waisted with its foe by vi'lent gust,
 'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.
 Ah ! where must needy poet seek for aid,
 When dust and rain at once his coat invade ?
 Sole coat, where dust cemented by the rain
 Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain.

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
 Threat'ning with deluge this devoted town.
 To shops in crouds the daggled females fly,
 Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
 The templar spruce, while ev'ry spout's abroad,
 Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach,
 The tuck'd-up semstrefs walks with hasty strides,
 While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.
 Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
 Commence acquaintance underneath a shade.
 Triumphant *Tories*, and desponding *Whigs*,
 Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
 Box'd in a chair, the beau impatient sits,
 While spouts run clatt'ring o'er the roof by fits ;
 And ever and anon with frightful din
 The leather sounds ; he trembles from within.
 So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
 Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,

42 A DESCRIPTION OF A CITY-SHOWER.

(Those bully Greeks, who as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, run them thro',)
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quack'd for fear.

Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go :
Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell
What street they sail'd from by their sight and smell
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From Smithfield or St 'Pulchre's shape their course,
And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the *conduit* prone to Holburn bridge.
Sweepings from butchers stalls, dung, guts and
blood,
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in
mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down
the flood.

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A
DESCRIPTION
OF THE
MORNING.

Written about the year 1712.

Now hardly here and there an hackney-coach
Appearing, shew'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own:
The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
Had par'd the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs,
Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The small coal-man was heard with cadence deep
Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep:
Duns at his Lordship's gates began to meet;
And brick-dust Moll had scream'd thro' half the street.
The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees:
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands;
And school-boys lag with satchels in their hands.

HORACE, epist. 7. book. 1. imitated,
and addressed to the Earl of OXFORD,
in the year 1713.

HARLEY, the nation's great support,
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with publick cares possess'd,
All Europe's bus'ness in his breast,)
Observ'd a *parson* near Whitehall
Cheap'ning old authors on a stall.
The priest was pretty well in case,
And shew'd some humour in his face;
Look'd with an easy, careless mien,
A perfect stranger to the spleen;
Of size that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to sit still.
My Lord (who, if a man may say't,
Loves mischief better than his meat)
Was now dispos'd to crack a jest,
And bid friend Lewis go in quest,
(This Lewis is a cunning shaver,
And very much in Harley's favour,)
In quest, who might this *parson* be,
What was his name, of what degree,
If possible, to learn his story,
And whether he were *Whig* or *Tory*.

Lewis his patron's humour knows,
Away upon his errant goes,

tated,
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And quickly did the matter sift;
Found out that it was Doctor Swift;
A clergyman of special note
For shunning those of his own coat;
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down:
No libertine, nor over-nice,
Addicted to no sort of vice,
Went where he pleas'd, said what he thought,
Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat:
In state-opinions *à la mode*,
He hated Wharton like a toad,
Had giv'n the faction many a wound,
And libell'd all the *junto* round;
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His works were hawk'd in ev'ry street,
But seldom rose above a sheet:
Of late indeed the paper stamp
Did very much his genius cramp:
And, since he could not spend his fire,
He now intended to retire.

Said Harley, I desire to know
From his own mouth if this be so;
Step to the Doctor strait, and say,
I'd have him dine with me to-day.
Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor would believe my Lord had sent;
So never offer'd once to stir;
But coldly said, *Your servant, Sir.*

Does he refuse me? Harley cry'd:
 He does, with insolence and pride.
 Some few days after Harley's spies
 The Doctor fasten'd by the eyes
 At Charing-cross among the rout,
 Where painted monsters are hung out:
 He pull'd the string, and stopt his coach,
 Beck'ning the Doctor to approach.

Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
 Came sneaking to the chariot side,
 And offer'd many a lame excuse:
 He never meant the least abuse——
My Lord——the honour you design'd——
Extremely proud——but I had din'd——
I'm sure I never should neglect——
No man alive has more respect——

“ Well, I shall think of that no more,

“ If you'll be sure to come at four.

The Doctor now obeys the summons,
 Likes both his company and commons;
 Displays his talent, sits till ten;
 Next day invited, comes again;
 Soon grows domestic; seldom fails
 Either at morning or at meals;
 Came early, and departed late:
 In short, the gudgeon took the bait.
 My Lord would carry on the jest,
 And down to Windsor takes his guest.
 Swift much admires the place and air,
 And longs to be a canon there;

In summer round the park to ride,
 In winter, never to reside.
 A canon! that's a place too mean;
 No, Doctor, you should be a *Dean*;
 Two dozen *canons* round your stall,
 And you the tyrant o'er them all:
 You need but cross the *Irish seas*,
 To live in plenty, pow'r, and ease.
 Poor Swift departs; and, what is worse,
 With borrow'd money in his purse;
 Travels at least an hundred leagues,
 And suffers numberless fatigues.

Suppose him now a *Dean* complete,
 Devoutly lolling in his seat;
 The silver virge, with decent pride,
 Stuck underneath his cushion-side;
 Suppose him gone thro' all vexations,
 Patents, instalments, abjurations,
 First-fruits, and tenths, and chapter-treats;
 Dues, payments, fees, demands, and——cheats,
 (The wicked laity's contriving
 To hinder clergymen from thriving.)
 Now all the Doctor's money's spent,
 His tenants wrong him in his rent;
 The farmers spitefully combin'd
 Force him to take his tythes in kind:
 And Parvisol discounts arrears
 By bills for taxes and repairs.

Poor Swift, with all his losses vex'd,
 Not knowing where to turn him next,

Above a thousand pounds in debt,
 Takes horse, and in a mighty fret
 Rides day and night at such a rate,
 He soon arrives at Harley's gate;
 But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
 Old Read would hardly let him in.

Said Harley, Welcome Rev'rend Dean;
 What makes your worship look so lean?
 Why, sure you wont appear in town
 In that old wig and rusty gown?
 I doubt your heart is set on self
 So much that you neglect yourself.
 What! I suppose now stocks are high,
 You've some good purchase in your eye;
 Or is your money out at use?
 Truce, good my Lord, I beg a truce,
 (The Doctor in a passion cry'd,)
 Your raillery is misapply'd;
 Experience I have dearly bought;
 You know I am not worth a groat:
 But 'tis a folly to contest
 When you resolve to have your jest;
 Then, since you now have done your worst,
 Pray leave me where you found me first.

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 Vol. I

HORACE, lib. 2. sat. 6. part of it
imitated.

Written about the year 1713.

I've often wish'd, that I had clear
For life six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terras walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this, and more,
Ask not to increase my store;
I should be perfectly content,
Should I but live on this side Trent,
Nor cross the *channel* twice a-year,
To spend six months with *statesmen* here.

I must by all means come to town,
This for the service of the Crown.

Lewis, the *Dean* will be of use;
Send for him up, take no excuse."

The toil, the danger of the seas,
Great ministers ne'er think of these;

Let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,

This but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

Good Mr. *Dean*, go change your gown,
Let my Lord know you're come to town."

I hurry me in haste away,
 Not thinking it is levee-day;
 And find his honour in a pound,
 Hemm'd by a triple circle round
 Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green;
 How should I thrust myself between?
 Some wag observes me thus perplex't,
 And smiling whispers to the next,
 "I thought the *Dean* had been too proud
 "To juggle here among a croud."
 Another in a surly fit
 Tells me, I have more zeal than wit;
 "So eager to express your love,
 "You ne'er consider whom you shove,
 "But rudely press before a Duke."
 I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
 And take it kindly meant to show
 What I desire the world should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw,
 When twenty fools I never saw
 Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
 Desiring I would stand their friend.

This humbly offers me his case—
 That begs my int'rest for a place—
 An hundred other mens affairs,
 Like bees, are humming in my ears.
 "To-morrow my appeal comes on,
 "Without your help the cause is gone."
 The Duke expects my Lord and you
 About some great affair at two—

Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind

To get my warrant quickly sign'd:

Consider, 'tis my first request,"—

He satisfy'd. I'll do my best:

When presently he falls to tease,

You may for certain, if you please;

I doubt not, if his Lordship knew—

And, Mr. Dean, one word from you;"—

'Tis (let me see) three years and more

October next it will be four)

Since Harley bid me first attend,

And chose me for an humble friend;

Would take me in his coach to chat,

And question me of this and that;

As, "What's o'clock?" and, "How's the wind?"

Who's chariot's that we left behind?"

Or gravely try to read the lines

Writ underneath the country-signs;

Or, "Have you nothing new to-day

From Pope, from Parnel, or from Gay?"

Such tattle often entertains

My Lord and me as far as Stains;

As once a-week we travel down

To Windsor, and again to town,

Where all that passes *inter nos*

Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross.

Yet some I know with envy swell,

Because they see me us'd so well:

How think you of our friend the Dean?

I wonder what some people mean.

" My Lord and he are grown so great,

" Always together *tête à tête*—

" What, they admire him for his jokes—

" See but the fortune of some folks!"

There flies about a strange report

Of some express arriv'd at court.

I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,

And catechis'd in ev'ry street.

" You, Mr. *Dedn*, frequent the great;

" Inform us, will the *Emp'ror* treat?

" Or, do the prints and papers lie?"

Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.

" Ah! Doctor, how you love to jest!

" 'Tis now no secret."—I protest

'Tis one to me—" Then tell us, pray,

" When are the troops to have their pay?"

And tho' I solemnly declare

I know no more than my Lord Mayor,

They stand amaz'd, and think me grown

The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly tost,

My choicest hours of life are lost;

Yet always wishing to retreat,

Oh, could I see my country seat!

There leaning near a gentle brook,

Sleep, or peruse some antient book!

And there in sweet oblivion drown

Those cares that haunt the court and town!

VERSE S written in a Lady's Ivory
table-book.

Written in the year 1706.

PERUSE my leaves thro' ev'ry part,
And think thou feelst my owner's heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as senseless, and as light;
Expos'd to ev'ry coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wife.
Here you may read, *Dear charming saint*;
Beneath, *A new receipt for paint*;
Here in beau-spelling, *Tru tel deth*;
There in her own, *Far an el breth*;
Here, *Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom*;
There, *A safe way to use perfume*;
Here a page fill'd with *billetdoux*;
On t'other side, *Laid out for shoes*;
Madam, I die without *your grace*;
Them, for half a yard of lace.
Who that had wit would place it here,
For ev'ry peeping fop to jeer?
To pow'r of spittle, and a clout,
Whene'er he please, to blot it out;
And then, to heighten the disgrace,
Clap his own nonsense in the place.
Whoe'er expects to hold his part
In such a book, and such a heart,

If he be wealthy, and a fool, **Mrs. HARRIS'S**
 Is in all points the fittest tool;
 Of whom it may be justly said,
 He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

To their Excellencies

The Lords Justices of Ireland

The humble Petition of Frances Harris,

Who hath lived, and dies a maid, it is sheweth,

It humbly sheweth,

THAT I went to wait myself in Lady Betty's chamber

but because I was cold;

And I had in a purse seven pounds four shillings and

three pence, besides tankards in money and gold;

And because I had been brought up in the house of a

gentleman, I was used to be in the company of

persons of quality, and to be in the company of

persons of quality, and to be in the company of

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MRS. HARRIS'S PETITION.

Written in the year 1701.

To their Excellencies,

The Lords Justices of Ireland.

The humble Petition of Frances Harris,
Who must starve, and die a maid, if it miscarries.

Humbly Sheweth,

THAT I went to warm myself in Lady Betty's chamber, because I was cold;

And I had in a purse seven pounds four shillings and sixpence, besides farthings, in money and gold: So, because I had been buying things for my *Lady* last night,

I was resolved to tell my money, to see if it was right. Now, you must know, because my trunk has a very bad lock,

Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows, is a very small stock, I keep in my pocket, ty'd about my middle, next to my smock.

So, when I went to put up my purse, as God would have it, my smock was unript,

And, instead of putting it into my pocket, down it slipt:

56 MRS. HARRIS'S PETITION.

Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my Lady to bed ;

And, God knows, I thought my money was as safe as my maidenhead.

So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very light :

But when I search'd, and miss'd my purse, Lord ! I thought I should have sunk outright.

Lord ! Madam, says Mary, how d'ye do ? Indeed, says I, never worse :

But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done with my purse ?

Lord help me ! said Mary, I never stir'd out of this place :

Nay, said I, I had it in Lady Betty's chamber, that's a plain case.

So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm :

However, she stole away my garters, that I might do myself no harm.

So I tumbled and toss'd all night, as you may very well think,

But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a wink.

So I was a-dreamed, methought, that we went and search'd the folks round,

And in a corner of Mrs. Dukes's box ty'd in a rag the money was found.

So, next morning we told Whittle, and he fell swearing :

Then my dame Wadgar came ; and she, you know, is thick of hearing :

Dame, said I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know what a loss I have had?

Nay, said she, my Lord Colway's folks are all very sad;

For my Lord Dromedary comes a Tuesday without fail.

Pugh! said I, but that's not the business that I ail.

Says Cary, says he, I have been a servant this five and twenty years, come spring,

And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of such a thing.

Yes, says the *Steward*, I remember, when I was at my Lady Shrewsbury's,

Such a thing as this happen'd just about the time of gooseberries.

So I went to the party suspected, and I found her full of grief,

Now you must know, of all things in the world, I hate a thief.)

However, I was resolv'd to bring the discourse slyly about:

Mrs. Dukes, said I, here's an ugly accident has happen'd out:

'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a house;

But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the house.

'Tis true, seven pounds four shillings and six pence makes a great hole in my wages:

Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in these ages.

58 MRS. HARRIS'S PETITION

Now, Mrs. Dukes, you know, and every body understands,

'That tho' 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go without hands.

The *devil* take me, said she (blessing herself,) if ever I saw't!

So she roar'd like a Bedlam, as tho' I had call'd her all to naught.

So you know, what could I say to her any more?

I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before.

Well; but then they would have had me gone to the cunning man!

No, said I, 'tis the same thing, the *chaplain* will be here anon.

So the *chaplain* came in. Now the servants say he is my sweet-heart,

Because he's always in my chamber, and I always take his part.

So, as the *devil* would have it, before I was aware, once I blunder'd,

Parson, said I, can you cast a *nativity*, when a body's plunder'd?

(Now you must know, he hates to be call'd *parson* like the *devil*.)

Truly, says he, Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be more civil:

If your money be gone, as a learned *divine* says, d'ye see,

You are no *text* for my handling; so take that from me:

MRS. HARRIS'S PETITION. 59

under. was never taken for a conjurer before, I'd have you to know.

o with. Lord! said I, don't be angry, I am sure I never thought you so;

if ever you know I honour the cloth; I design to be a parson's wife;

l'd he never took one in your coat for a conjurer in all my life.

re? With that he twisted his girdle at me like a rope, as who should say,

to the Now you may go hang yourself for me, and so went away.

will be Well: I thought I should have swoon'd. Lord! said I, what shall I do?

ay he have lost my money, and shall lose my true love too.

hen my Lord call'd me: Harry, said my Lord, don't cry,

ll give you something towards thy loss: and says my Lady, so will I.

h! but, said I, what if, after all, my chaplain won't come to?

or that, he said (an't please your Excellencies; I must petition you.

he premisses tenderly consider'd, I desire your Excellencies protection,

and that I may have a share in next Sunday's collection;

at from

60 MRS. HARRIS'S PETITION.

And, over and above, that I may have your Excellency's letter,
 With an order for the chaplain to send, or, instead
 of him, a better,
 And then your poor petitioner both night and day,
 Or the chaplain (for 'tis his trade,) as in duty bound
 shall ever pray.

To the care of the chaplain.

And so, my dear Sir, I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

A first would needs show his talent in Latin.

And so, my dear Sir, I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

Because he could find no word to come put in

I then all in the place

He put a word there.

And so, my dear Sir, I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

And so, my dear Sir, I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

And so, my dear Sir, I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

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 Vol. I.

ady Betty Berkely, finding in the author's room
some verses unfinish'd, underwrit a stanza of her
own, with rallery upon him; which gave occasion
to this ballad, written by the author in a counter-
feithand, as if a third person had done it.

Written in the year 1763.

To the tune of *The cutpurse*.

I.

ONCE on a time, as old stories rehearse,

A friar would needs shew his talent in Latin;

It was sorely put to't in the midst of a verse,

Because he could find no word to come pat-in:

Then all in the place

He left a void space,

And so went to bed in a desperate case:

When behold the next morning a wonderful riddle!

Found it was strangely fill'd up in the middle.

Cho. *Let censuring critics then think what they list
on't;*

*Who would not write verses with such
assistant?*

II.

It put me the friar into an amazement:

For he wisely consider'd it must be a sprite,

That came thro' the key-hole, or in at the casement;

And it needs must be one that could both read and
write:

Yet he did not know
 If it were friend or foe,
 Or whether it came from above or below:
 Howe'er, it was civil in angel or elf,
 For he ne'er could have fill'd it so well of himself.

Chor. *Let censuring, &c.*

III.

Even so Master Doctor had puzzled his brains
 In making a ballad, but was at a stand:
 He had mix'd little wit with a great deal of pains;
 When he found a new help from invisible hand,
 Then, Good Doctor Swift,
 Pay thanks for the gift,
 For you freely must own you were at a dead list;
 And, tho' some malicious young spirit did do't,
 You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot.
 Cho. *Let censuring, &c.*

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VANBRUGH'S HOUSE,

Built from the ruins of Whitehall that was burnt.

Written in the year 1706.

IN times of *old*, when time was *young*,

And poets their own verses sung,

A verse could draw a stone or beam,

That now would overload a team;

Lead them a dance of many a mile,

Then rear them to a goodly pile.

Each number had its diff'rent pow'r:

Heroic strains could build a tow'r;

Sonnets, or elegies to Chloris,

Might raise a house about two stories;

A lyric ode would slate; a catch

Would tile; an epigram would thatch.

But, to their own, or landlord's cost,

Now poets feel this art is lost.

Not one of all our tuneful throng

Can raise a lodging *for a song*:

For Jove consider'd well the case,

Observ'd they grew a num'rous race;

And should they build as fast as *write*,

They would ruin undertakers quite.

This evil therefore to prevent,

He wisely chang'd their element:

On earth the god of wealth was made
Sole patron of the building trade;
Leaving the wits the spacious air,
With licence to build castles there;
And 'tis conceiv'd, their old pretence
To lodge in garrets comes from thence.

Premising thus, in modern way,
The better half we have to say:
Sing, muse, the house of poet Van
In higher strains than we began.
Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it)
Is both a herald and a poet;
No wonder then if nicely skill'd
In both capacities to build.
As herald, he can in a day
Repair a house gone to decay;
Or by *achievement*, *arms*, *device*,
Erect a new one in a trice;
And as a poet, he has skill
To build in speculation still.
Great Jove! he cry'd, the art restore
'To build by verse as heretofore,
And make my muse the architect;
What palaces shall we erect!
No longer shall forsaken Thames
Lament his old Whitehall in flames;
A pile shall from its ashes rise,
Fit to invade or prop the skies.

Jove smil'd, and, like a gentle god,
Consenting with the usual nod,

Told Van, he ~~know~~ his talent best,
 And left the choice to his own breast.
 So Van resolv'd to writ a farce;
 But, well perceiving wit was scarce,
 With cunning that defect supplies;
 Takes a French play as lawful prize;
 Steals thence his plot and every joke,
 Not once suspecting Jove would ~~smile~~
 And (like a wag) sat down to write,
 Would whisper to himself, ~~a little~~
 Then from the motley mingled stile
 Proceeded to erect his pile;
 So men of old, to gain renown,
 Build Babel with their tongues confounded,
 Jove saw the cheat, but thought it best
 To turn the matter to a jest;
 Down from Olympus' top he slides,
 Laughing as if he'd burst his sides:
 Ay, thought the god, are these your tricks?
 Why then old plays deserve old bricks;
 And, since you're sparing of your stuff,
 Your building shall be small enough.
 He spake, and, grudging, lent his aid:
 Th' experienc'd bricks that knew their trade,
 As being bricks at second hand,
 Now move, and now in order stand.
 The building, as the poet writ,
 Rose in proportion to his wit:
 And first the prodigic built a wall
 So wide as to encompass all.

The scene, a wood, produc'd no more
 Than a few scrubby trees before
 The plot as yet lay deep, and so
 A cellar next was dug below:
 But this a work so hard was found
 Two acts it cost him under ground
 Two other acts we may presume
 Were spent in building each a room
 Thus far advanc'd, he made a shift
 To raise a roof with raft the fifth.
 The epilogue behind did frame
 A place not decent here to name.

Now poets from all quarters ran
 To see the house of brother Van;
 Look'd high and low, walk'd often round;
 But no such house was to be found.
 One asks the watermen hard by,
Where may the poet's palace lie?
 Another of the Thames inquires,
 If he has seen its gilded spires!
 At length they in the rubbish spy
 A thing resembling a goose-pye.
 Thither in haste the poets throng,
 And gaze in silent wonder long,
 Till one in raptures thus began
 To praise the pile and builder Van.

Thrice happy poet! who may'st trail
 Thy house about thee like a snail:
 Or, harness'd to a nag, at ease
 Take journeys in it like a chaise;

Or in a boat, where'er thou wilt,
 Canst make it serve thee for a tilt.
 Capacious house, 'tis crown'd by all
 Thou'rt well contriv'd, tho' thou art small.
 For ev'ry wit in Britain's isle
 May lodge within thy spacious pile.
 Like Bacchus thou, as poets feign,
 Thy mother burnt, art born again,
 Born like a phoenix from the flame;
 But neither bulk nor shape the same:
 As animals of largest size
 Corrupt in maggots, worms, and flies.
 A type of modern wit and style,
 The rubbish of an antient pile.
 So chymists boast they have a power
 From the dead ashes of a flower
 Some faint resemblance to produce,
 But not the virtue, taste, or juice.
 So modern rhymers wisely blast
 The poetry of ages past
 Which after they have overthrown
 They from its ruins build their own.
 Thither in haste the poets throng,
 And gaze in silent wonder long.
 Till one in raptures thus begins
 To praise the pile and builder Van.
 Thrice happy poet! who wast thou
 Thy house about thee like a bail:
 Or harm'd'st to a rag, at ease
 Take journeys in it like a chair:

H I S T O R Y

VANBRUGH'S HOUSE

Written in the year 1708.

WHEN mother Clud had rose from play,
And call'd to take the cards away,
Van saw, but seem'd not to regard,
How *Miss* pick'd ev'ry painted card,
And, busy both with hand and eye,
Soon rear'd a house two stories high.
Van's genius, without thought or lecture,
Is hugely turn'd to *architecture*:
He view'd the edifice, and smil'd,
Vow'd it was pretty for a child:
It was so perfect in its kind,
He kept the *model* in his mind.

But when he found the boys at play,
And saw them dabbling in their clay,
He stood behind a stall to lurk,
And mark the progress of their work;
With true delight observ'd them all
Raking up *mud* to build a wall.
The plan he much admir'd, and took
The *model* in his table-book;

THE HISTORY OF VANBRUGH'S HOUSE. 69

Thought himself now exactly skill'd,
And so resolv'd *a house* to build;
A *real house*, with *rooms*, and *stairs*,
Five times at least as big as theirs;
Taller than *Miss's* by two yards;
Not a sham thing of clay or cards,
And so he did; for in a while
He built up such a monstrous pile,
That no two chairmen could be found
Able to lift it from the ground.

Still at Whitehall it stands in view,
Just in the place where first it grew:
There all the little schoolboys run,
Envyng to see themselves outdone.

From such deep rudiments as these,
Van is become by new degrees
For building fam'd, and justly reckon'd
At court Vitruvius the second:
No wonder, since wise *authors* show,
That *best foundations* must be low:
And now the *Duke* has wisely ta'en him
To be his *architect* at *Blenheim*.

But, raillery for once apart,
If this rule holds in ev'ry art;
Or if his *Grace* were no more skill'd in
The art of batt'ring walls than building,
We might expect to see next year
A *muse trap* man chief engineer.

T H E
V I R T U E S O F
S I D H A M E T
THE MAGICIAN'S ROD.

Written in the year 1712.

THE *rod* was but a harmless wand,
While Moses held it in his hand;
But, soon as e'er he *laid it down*,
'Twas a devouring serpent grown.

Our great magician Hamet Sid,
Reverses what the prophet did :
His *rod* was honest English wood,
That senseless in a corner stood,
Till metamorphos'd by his grasp,
It grew an all-devouring-asf ;
Would hiss and sting, and roll and twist,
By the mere virtue of his fist;
But when he *laid it down*, as quick,
Resum'd the figure of a stick.

So to her midnight-feast the hag
Rides on a broomstick for a nag,
That, rais'd by magic of her breech,
O'er sea and land conveys the witch ;
But with the morning-dawn resumes
The peaceful state of common brooms.

They tell us something strange and odd
 About a certain *magic rod*,
 That, bending down its top, divines
 Whene'er the soil has golden mines;
 Where there are none, it stands erect,
 scorning to shew the least respect;
 As ready was the *wand of Sid*
 To bend where *golden mines* were hid;
 In Scottish hills found precious ore,
 Where none e'er look'd for it before:
 And by a *gentle bow* divin'd
 How well a *cully's* purse was lin'd;
 To a forlorn and broken *rake*,
 stood without motion, like a stake.

The *rod* of *Hermes* was renown'd
 For charms above and under ground;
 To sleep could mortal eye-lids fix,
 And drive departed souls to *Styx*.
 That *rod* was just a type of *Sid's*
 Which o'er a British senate's lids
 Could scatter *opium* full as well,
 And drive as many *souls* to *hell*.

Sid's rod was slender, white, and tall,
 Which oft he us'd to *fish* withal;
 A *plaiice* was fasten'd to the hook,
 And many score of *gudgeons* took:
 Yet still so happy was his fate,
 He caught his *fish*, and sav'd his *bait*.

Sid's brethren of the conjuring tribe
 A circle with their *rod* describe,

Which proves a magical redoubt
 To keep *mischievous spirits* out,
 Sid's rod was of a larger stride,
 And made a circle thrice as wide,
 Where *spirits* throng'd with hideous din,
 And he stood there to *take them in*;
 But when th' enchanted rod was broke,
 They vanish'd in a stinking smoke.

Achilles' sceptre was of wood,
 Like Sid's, but nothing near so good;
 That down from ancestors divine
 Transmitted to the hero's line;
 Thence, thro' a long descent of kings,
 Came an heir-loom, as Homer sings.
 Tho' this description looks so big,
 That *sceptre* was a sapless twig,
 Which from the fatal day, when first
 It left the forest where 'twas nurs'd,
 As Homer tells us o'er and o'er,
 Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor blossom bore.
 Sid's sceptre, full of juice, did shoot
 In golden boughs, and golden fruit;
 And he, the *dragon*, never sleeping,
 Guarded each fair Hesperian pippin.
 No *hobby-horse*, with gorgeous top,
 The dearest in Charles Mather's shop,
 Or glitt'ring tinsel of May fair,
 Could with this rod of Sid compare.

Dear Sid, then why wert thou so mad
 To break thy rod like naughty lad!

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You should have kiss'd it in your distress,
 And then return'd it to your mistress;
 Or made it a Newmarket switch,
 And not a rod for thy own breech.
 But, since old Sid has broken this,
 His next may be a rod in pish.

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THE
DESCRIPTION
OF A
SALAMANDER.

Out of Pliny's Natural History, lib. 10. c. 67. and
lib. 29. c. 4.

Written in the year 1706.

As mastiff dogs in modern phrase are
Call'd *Pompey*, *Scipio*, and *Caesar*;
As *pyes* and *daws* are often stil'd
With Christian nicknames like a child;
As we say *Monsieur* to an *ape*,
Without offence to human shape;
So men have got from bird and brute
Names that would best their natures suit.
The *lion*, *eagle*, *fox*, and *boar*,
Were heroes titles heretofore.
Bestow'd as hi'roglyphics fit
To shew their valour, strength, or wit:
For what is understood by *fame*,
Besides the getting of a *name*?
But, e'er since men invented guns,
A diff'rent way their fancy runs:

To paint a hero, we inquire
For something that will conquer *fire*.

Would you describe Turenne or Trump?

Think of a bucket or a pump.

Are these too low?—then find out grander,

Call my Lord Cuts a *salamander*.

'Tis well;—but since we live among

Detractors with an evil tongue,

Who may object against the term,

Pliny shall prove what we affirm:

Pliny shall prove, and we'll apply,

And I'll be judg'd by standers-by.

First, then, our author has defin'd

This reptile of the serpent kind,

With gaudy coat, and shining train;

But loathsome spots his body stain:

Out from some hole obscure he flies,

When rains descend, and tempests rise,

Till the sun clears the air; and then

Crawls back neglected to his den.

So, when the war has rais'd a storm,

We see a *snake* in human form,

All stain'd with infamy and vice,

Leap from the dunghill in a trice,

Turnish, and make a gaudy show,

Become a gen'ral, peer, and beau,

Till peace hath made the sky serene;

Then shrink into its hole again.

All this we grant—why then look yonder,

sure that must be a salamander!

Farther, we are by Pliny told,
 'This *serpent* is extremely cold;
 So cold, that, put it in the fire,
 'Twill make the very flames expire :
 Besides, it spues a filthy froth
 (Whether thro' rage, or lust, or both)
 Of matter purulent and white,
 Which happening on the skin to light,
 And there corrupting to a wound,
 Spreads leprosy and baldness round.

So have I seen a batter'd beau,
 By age and claps grown cold as snow,
 Whose breath or touch, where-e'er he came,
 Blew out love's torch, or chill'd the flame :
 And should some nymph who ne'er was cruel,
 Like Charlton cheap, or fam'd Du-Ruel,
 Receive the filth which he ejects,
 She soon would find the same effects
 Her tainted carcase to pursue,
 As from the *salamander's* spue;
 A dismal shedding of her locks,
 And, if no leprosy, a pox.

*Then I'll appeal to each by-stander,
 If this be not a salamander ?*

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THE GREAT AMERICAN
VERSSES to be prefixed before BER-
NARD LINTOT's New Miscellany.

SOME Colinaeus praise, some Bleau,
Others account them but so so;
Some Plantin to the rest prefer,
And some esteem old Elzever;
Others with Aldus would besot us;
I, for my part, admire Lintottus—
His character's beyond compare,
Like his own person, large and fair.
They print their names in letters small,
But LINTOT stands in capital:
Author and he with equal grace
Appear, and stare you in the face.
Stephens prints *Heathen* Greek, 'tis said,
Which some can't construe, some can't read:
But all that comes from Lintot's hand
Even Rawlinson might understand.
Of in an Aldus, or a Plantin,
A page is blotted, or leaf wanting:
Of Lintot's books this can't be said,
All fair, and not so much as read.
Their copy cost 'em not a penny
To Homer, Virgil, or to any;

* N. B. Whatever verses are marked with an asterisk * prefixed, are thought not to be Dr. Swift's.

They ne'er gave *sixpence* for *two lines*
 To them, their heirs, or their assigns:
 But Lintot is at vast expence,
 And pays prodigious dear for—*sense*.
 Their books are useful but to few,
 A scholar, or a wit or two:
 Lintot's for gen'ral use are fit;
 For some folks read, but all folks sh—

S A N D Y S ' S G H O S T :

O R,

A proper new BALLAD on the new OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, as it was intended to be translated by persons of quality.

Y^E Lords and Commons, men of wit
 And pleasure about town,
 Read this, ere you translate one bit
 Of books of high renown.

Beware of Latin authors all!
 Nor think your verses Sterling,
 Tho' with a golden pen you scrawl,
 And scribble in a *berlin*:

For not the desk with silver nails,
 Nor bureau of expence,
 Nor standish well japan'd, avails
 To writing of good sense.

Hear how a ghost in dead of night,
 With faucer eyes of fire,
 In woful wife did fore affright
 A wit and courtly 'squire.

Rare imp of Phoebus, hopeful youth!

Like puppy tame, that uses
 To fetch and carry in his mouth
 The works of all the muses.

Ah! why did he write poetry,
 That hereto was so civil;
 And sell his soul for vanity
 To rhyming and the devil?

A desk he had of curious work,
 With glittering studs about
 Within the same did Sandys lurk,
 Tho' Ovid lay without.

Now, as he scratch'd to fetch up thought,
 Forth popp'd the *sprite* so thin,
 And from the key-hole bolted out
 All upright as a pin.

With whiskers, band, and pantaloen,
 And ruff compos'd most duely,
 This 'squire he dropp'd his pen full soon,
 While as the light burnt bluely.

Ho! Master Sam, quoth Sandys' sprite,
 Write on, nor let me scare ye;
 Forsooth, if rhymes fall not in right,
 To Budgel seek, or Carey.

I hear the beat of Jacob's drums,
 Poor Ovid finds no quarter!
 See first the merry P—— comes
 In haste without his garter.

Then lords and lordings, 'squires and knights,
 Wits, witlings, prigs, and peers:
 Garth at St. James's, and at White's,
 Beats up for volunteers.

What Fenton will not do, nor Gay,
 Nor Congreve, Rowe, nor Stanyan,
 Tom Burnet or Tom D'Urfy may,
 John Dunton, Steele, or any one.

If Justice Philips' costive head
 Some frigid rhymes disburfes;
 They shall like Persian Tales be read,
 And glad both babes and nurses.

Let Warwick's muse with Ash—t join,
 And Ozel's with Lord Hervey's,
 Tickell and Addison combine,
 And Pope translate with Jervis.

L—— himself, that lively lord,
 Who bows to every lady,
 Shall join with F—— in one accord,
 And be like Tate and Brady.

Ye ladies too draw forth your pen;
 I pray where can the hurt lie?
 Since you have brains as well as men,
 As witness Lady Wortley.

Now, Tonson, list thy forces all,
 Review them, and tell noses:
 For to poor Ovid shall befall
 A strange *metamorphosis*;

A *metamorphosis* more strange
 Than all his books can vapour——
 "To what," (quoth 'squire) "shall Ovid change?"
 Quoth Sandys, *To waste paper.*

* U M B R A .

CLOSE to the best-known author Umbra sits,
 The constant index to all Button's wits.
Who's here? cries Umbra : only Johnson—*Oh!*
Your slave, and exit; but returns with Rowe :
Dear Rowe, let's sit and talk of tragedies :
 Ere long Pope *enters*, and to Pope he flies.
 Then up comes Steele : he turns upon his *heel*,
 And in a moment fastens upon *Steele* ;
 But cries as soon, *Dear Dick, I must be gone ;*
For if I know his tread, here's Addison.
 Says Addison to Steele, 'Tis time to go :
 Pope to the closet steps aside with Rowe.
 Poor Umbra, left in this abandon'd pickle,
 E'en sits him down, and writes to honest Tickell.
 Fool ! 'tis in vain from wit to wit to roam ;
 Know, sense, like charity, *begins at home.*

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* DUKE UPON DUKE.

An excellent new Ballad.

To the Tune of Chevy-Chace.

To lordings proud I tune my lay,
Who feast in bow'r or hall:
Tho' Dukes they be, to Dukes I say,
That pride will have a fall.

Now, that this fame it is right sooth,
Full plainly doth appear,
From what befel John Duke of Guise,
And Nic. of Lancaſtere.

When Richard Coeur-de-Lion reign'd,
(Which means a lion's heart,)
Like him his barons rag'd and roar'd;
Each play'd a lion's part.

A word and blow was then enough:
Such honour did them prick;
If you but turn'd your cheek, a cuff;
And if your a—ſe, a kick.

Look in their face, they tweak'd your noſe,
At every turn fell to't;
Come near, they trod upon your toes;
They fought from head to foot.

Of these the Duke of Lancastere
Stood paramount in pride ;
He kick'd, and cuff'd, and tweak'd, and trod
His foes, and friends beside.

Firm on his front his beaver fate ;
So broad, it hid his chin ;
For why ? he deem'd no man his mate,
And fear'd to tan his skin.

With Spanish wool he dy'd his cheek,
With essence oil'd his hair ;
No vixen civet-cat so sweet,
Nor could so scratch and tear.

Right tall he made himself to show,
Tho' made full short by God ;
And when all other Dukes did bow,
This Duke did only nod.

Yet courteous, blithe, and debonnair
To Guise's Duke was he :
Was ever such a loving pair ?
How could they disagree ?

Oh, thus it was : He lov'd him dear,
And cast how to requite him ;
And having no friend left but this,
He deem'd it meet to fight him.

orthwith he drench'd his desp'rate quill,

And thus he did indite:

This eve at whilke ourself will play,

"Sir Duke! be here to-night."

h no! ah no! the guileless Guise

Demurely did reply;

cannot go, nor yet can stand,

So fore the gout have I,

he Duke in wrath call'd for his steeds,

And fiercely drove them on;

ord! Lord! how rattled then thy stones,

O kingly Kenfington!

l in a trice he rush'd on Guise,

Thrust out his lady dear;

e tweak'd his nose, trod on his toes,

And smote him on the ear.

t mark, how 'midst of victory

Fate plays her old dog trick!

leap'd Duke John, and knock'd him down,

And so down fell Duke Nic.

as, oh Nic.! oh Nic. alas!

Right did thy gossip call thee:

who should say, Alas the day

When John of Guise shall maul thee!

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For on thee did he clap his chair;

And on that chair did sit;

And look'd, as if he meant therein

To do—what was not fit.

Up didst thou look, oh woeful Duke!

Thy mouth yet durst not open;

Certes for fear of finding there

A t—d, instead of trope.

“ Lie there, thou caitiff vile! quoth Guise;

“ No sheet is here to save thee:

“ The casement it is shut likewise;

“ Beneath my feet I have thee.

“ If thou hast aught to speak, speak out.”

Then Lancastere did cry,

“ Know’st thou not me, nor yet thyself?”

“ Who thou, and who am I?

“ Know’st thou not me, who (God be prais’d)

“ Have brawl’d and quarrell’d more,

“ Than all the line of Lancastere,

“ That battled heretofore?

“ In senates fam’d for many a speech,

“ And (what some awe must give ye,

“ Tho’ laid thus low beneath thy breach,)

“ Still of the council privy;

Still of the *duchy* chancellor;

" *Durante life* I have it;

And turn, as now thou dost on me,

" Mine a—e on them that gave it."

But now the servants they rush'd in;

And Duke Nic. up leap'd he:

Will not cope against such odds,

But, Guise! I'll fight with thee:

To-morrow with thee will I fight

Under the green-wood tree;

No, not to-morrow, but to-night

" (Quoth Guise) I'll fight with thee!"

And now the sun declining low

Bestreak'd with blood the skies;

When, with his sword at saddle-bow,

Rode forth the valiant Guise.

Full gently pranc'd he o'er the lawn;

Oft roll'd his eyes around,

And from the stirrup stretch'd to find

Who was not to be found.

Long brandish'd he the blade in air,

Long look'd the field all o'er:

At length he spy'd the merry-men brown,

And eke the coach and four.

From out the boot bold Nicolas

Did wave his wand so white,

As pointing out the gloomy glade

Wherein he meant to fight.

All in that dreadful hour so calm

Was Lancastere to see,

As if he meant to take the air,

Or only take a fee.

And so he did—for to New Court

His rowling wheels did run :

Not that he shunn'd the doubtful strife ;

But *bus'ness* must be done.

Back in the dark by Brompton park,

He turn'd up thro' the gore ;

So slunk to Cambden house so high,

All in his coach and four.

Mean while Duke Guise did fret and fume,

A sight it was to see,

Benumb'd beneath the evening-dew

Under the green-wood tree.

Then wet and weary home he far'd,

Sore mutt'ring all the way,

" The day I meet him, Nic. shall rue

" The cudgel of that day.

“ Mean time on every pissing-post
 “ Paste we this recreant’s name,
 “ So that each pisser-by shall read
 “ And pifs against the fame.”

Now God preserve our gracious King,
 And grant, his nobles all
 May learn this lesson from Duke Nic.
That pride will have a fall.

O N

MRS. BIDDY FLOYD,

O R,

The Receipt to form a BEAUTY.

Written in the year 1707.

WHEN Cupid did his grandsire Jove intreat:
To form some beauty by a new receipt,
Jove sent, and found far in a country-scene
Truth, innocence, good nature, look serene:
From which ingredients first the dextrous boy
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.
The Graces from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:
These Venus cleans from ev'ry spurious grain
Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd;
Then call'd the happy composition *Floyd*.

APOLLO OUTWITTED.

To the Honourable Mrs. FINCH, afterwards Countess
of WINCHELSEA, under her name of ARDELIA.

Written in the year 1707.

PHOEBUS, now short'ning ev'ry shade,
Up to the northern *tropic* came,
And thence beheld a lovely maid,
Attending on a royal dame.

The god laid down his feeble rays,
Then lighted from his glitt'ring coach;
But fenc'd his head with his own bays,
Before he durst the nymph approach.

Under those sacred leaves, secure
From common lightning of the skies,
He fondly thought he might endure
The flashes of Ardelia's eyes.

The nymph, who oft had read in books
Of that bright god whom bards invoke,
Soon knew Apollo by his looks,
And guess'd his bus'ness ere he spoke.

He in the old celestial cant
Confess'd his flame, and swore by Styx.
Whate'er she would desire to grant——
But wise Ardelia knew his tricks.

92 APOLLO OUTWITTED.

Ovid had warn'd her to beware
Of strolling gods, whose usual trade is,
Under pretence of taking air,
To pick up sublunary ladies.

Howe'er, she gave no flat denial,
As having malice in her heart;
And was resolv'd, upon a trial,
To cheat the god in his own art.

Hear my request, the virgin said;
Let which I please of all the Nine
Attend, whene'er I want their aid,
Obey my call, and only mine.

By vow oblig'd, by passion led,
The god could not refuse her pray'r:
He wav'd his wreath thrice o'er her head,
Thrice mutter'd something to the air.

And now he thought to seize his due:
But she the charm already tried:
Thalia heard the call, and flew
To wait at bright Ardelia's side.

On sight of this celestial *prude*,
Apollo thought it vain to stay;
Nor in her presence durst be rude;
But made his leg, and went away.

He hop'd to find some lucky hour;
 When on ~~their~~ queen the muses wait;
 But Pallas owns Ardelia's pow'r;
 For vows divine are kept by fate.

Then, full of rage, Apollo spoke:
 Deceitful nymph, I see thy art;
 And, tho' I can't my gift revoke,
 I'll disappoint its nobler part.

Let stubborn pride possess thee long,
 And be thou negligent of fame;
 With ev'ry muse to grace thy song,
 Mayst thou despise a poet's name.

Of modest poets be thou first;
 To silent shades repeat thy verse,
 Till Fame and Echo almost burst,
 Yet hardly dare one line rehearse.

And last, my vengeance to complete,
 May you descend to take renown,
 Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
 A Whig, and one that wears a gown.

On sight of this celestial sight,
 Apollo thought it vain to fight;
 Nor in her presence durst he rove,
 But made his leg, and went away.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY,

1718.

STELLA this day is thirty-four,
(We sha'n't dispute a year or more:)

However, Stella, be not troubled,
Altho' thy size and years are doubled,
Since first I saw thee at sixteen,
The brightest virgin on the green,
So little is thy form declin'd;
Made up so largely in thy mind.

Oh, would it please the gods to *split*
Thy beauty, size, and years, and wit!
No age could furnish out a pair
Of nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair;
With half the lustre of your eyes,
With half your wit, your years, and size.
And then, before it grew too late,
How should I beg of gentle fate,
(That either nymph might have her swain,)
To split my worship too in twain.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

1720.

ALL travellers at first incline

Where-e'er they see the fairest sign;

And, if they find the chambers neat,

And like the liquor and the meat,

Will call again, and recommend

The Angel-inn to ev'ry friend.

What tho' the painting grows decay'd?

The house will never lose its trade:

Nay, tho' the treach'rous tapster Thomas

Hangs a new angel two doors from us,

As fine as dawbers hands can make it,

He hopes that strangers may mistake it,

We think it both a shame and sin

To quit the true old Angel-inn.

Now this is Stella's case in fact:

An *angel's* face a little crack'd;

Could poets, or could painters fix

How *angels* look at thirty-six:)

This drew us in at first to find

In such a form an *angel's* mind;

And ev'ry virtue now supplies

The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.

See at her levee crouding swains,

Whom Stella freely entertains

With breeding, humour, wit and sense;

And puts them but to small expence;

Their mind so plentifully fills,
 And makes such reasonable bills,
 So little gets for what she gives,
 We really wonder how she lives!
 And, had her stock been less, no doubt
 She must have long ago run out.

Then who can think we'll quit the place,
 When Doll hangs out a newer face;
 Or stop and light at Cloe's head,
 With scraps and leavings to be fed?

Then, Cloe, still go on to prate
 Of thirty-six, and thirty-eight;
 Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
 Your hints, that Stella is no chicken;
 Your innuendos, when you tell us,
 That Stella loves to talk with fellows:
 And let me warn you to believe
 A truth, for which your soul should grieve;
 That, should you live to see the day
 When Stella's locks must all be gray,
 When age must print a furrow'd trace
 On ev'ry feature of her face;
 Tho' you, and all your senseless tribe
 Could art, or time, or nature bribe,
 To make you look like beauty's Queen,
 And hold for ever at fifteen;
 No bloom of youth can ever blind
 The cracks and wrinkles of your mind;
 All men of sense will pass your door,
 And croud to Stella's at fourscore.

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STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY;

A great bottle of wine, long buried, being that day
dug up. 1722.

RESOLV'D my annual verse to pay,
By duty bound, on Stella's day,
Furnish'd with paper, pens, and ink,
Gravely sat me down to think:
I bit my nails, and scratch'd my head,
But found my wit and fancy fled:
Or, if with more than usual pain,
A thought came slowly from my brain,
It cost me Lord knows how much time
To shape it into sense and rhyme:
And, what was yet a greater curse,
Long thinking made my fancy worse.
Forfaken by th' inspiring Nine,
I waited at Apollo's shrine:
I told him what the world would say,
How Stella were unsung to day;
How I should hide my head for shame,
When both the Jacks and Robin came;
How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer,
How Sh—n the rogue would sneer,
And swear it does not always follow,
That *semel'n anno ridet Apollo*.
I have assur'd them twenty times,
That Phoebus help'd me in my rhymes;

98 S T E L L A ' S B I R T H - D A Y .

Phoebus inspir'd me from above,
And he and I were hand and glove.
But, finding me so dull and dry since,
They'll call it all poetic licence;
And, when I brag of aid divine,
Think Eusden's right as good as mine.

Nor do I ask for Stella's sake;
'Tis my own credit lies at stake:
And Stella will be sung, while I
Can only be a stander-by.

Apollo, having thought a little,
Return'd this answer to a tittle.

Tho' you should live like old Methusalem,
I furnish hints, and you should use all 'em,
You yearly sing as she grows old,
You'd leave her virtues half untold.
But, to say truth, such dulness reigns,
Thro' the whole set of Irish deans,
I'm daily stunn'd with such a medley,
Dean W—, Dean D—, and Dean Smedley,
That, let what Dean soever come,
My orders are, I'm not at home;
And, if your voice had not been loud,
You must have pass'd among the croud.

But now, your danger to prevent,
You must apply to Mrs Brent;
For she, as priestesses, knows the rites
Wherein the god of *earth* delights.
First, nine ways looking, let her stand
With an old pocker in her hand;

Let her describe a circle round
In Saunder's cellar on the ground :
A spade let prudent Archy hold,
And with discretion dig the mould :
Let Stella look with watchful eye,
Bebecca, Ford, and Grattons by.

Behold the bottle, where it lies
With neck elated tow'ards the skies !
The god of winds and god of fire
Did to its wond'rous birth conspire ;
And Bacchus for the poet's use
Pour'd in a strong inspiring juice.
See ! as you raise it from its tomb,
It drags behind a spacious womb,
And in the spacious womb contains
Sov'reign med'cine for the brains.

You'll find it soon, if fate consents ;
Not, a thousand Mrs Brents,
Ten thousand Archys arm'd with spades,
May dig in vain to Pluto's shades.

From thence a plenteous draught infuse,
And boldly then invoke the muse ;
But first let Robert, on his knees,
With caution drain it from the lees ;)
The muse will at your call appear,
With Stella's praise to crown the year.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY,

1724.

As when a beauteous nymph decays,
We say, she's past her dancing-days;
So poets lose their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather chose
To celebrate your birth in prose :
Yet merry folks, who want by chance
A pair to make a country-dance,
Call the old housekeeper, and get her
To fill a place for want of better :
While Sheridan is off the hooks,
And friend Delany at his books,
That Stella may avoid disgrace,
Once more the Dean supplies their place.

Beauty and wit, too sad a truth !
Have always been confin'd to youth ;
The god of wit and beauty's queen,
He twenty-one, and she fifteen.
No poet ever sweetly sung,
Unless he were, like Phoebus, young ;
Nor ever nymph inspir'd to rhyme,
Unless, like Venus, in her prime.
At fifty-six, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you ?
Or, at the age of forty-three,
Are you a subject fit for me ?

A Y,

Adieu! bright wit, and radiant eyes,
You must be grave, and I be wise.

Our fate in vain we would oppose :

But I'll be still your friend in prose :

Esteem and friendship to express,

Will not require poetic dress;

And if the muse deny her aid

To have them *sung*, they may be *said*.

But, Stella, say, what evil tongue

Reports you are no longer young ;

That *Time* sits with his sithe to mow

Where erst sat Cupid with his bow ;

That half your locks are turn'd to gray ?

All ne'er believe a word they say.

'Tis true, but let it not be known,

My eyes are somewhat dimish grown :

For nature, always in the right,

To your decays adapts my sight ;

And wrinkles undistinguish'd pass,

For I'm ashamed to use a glass ;

And till I see them with these eyes,

Whoever says you have them, lies.

No length of time can make you quit

Honour and virtue, sense and wit :

Thus you may still be young to me,

While I can better *hear* than *see*.

Oh, ne'er may fortune shew her spight,

To make me deaf and mend my *sight* !

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY,
March 13. 1726.

THIS day, whate'er the fates decree,
Shall still be kept with joy by me:
This day then let us not be told,
That you are sick, and I grown old;
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of spectacles and pills:
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear such mortifying stuff.
Yet since from reason may be brought
A better and more pleasing thought,
Which can, in spite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days,
From not the gravest of divines
Accept for once some serious lines.

Altho' we now can form no more
Long schemes of life as heretofore;
Yet you, while time is running fast,
Can look with joy on what is past.

Were future happiness and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain,
As Atheists argue, to entice
And fit their proselytes for vice,
(The only comfort they propose,
To have companions in their woes:)
Grant this the case; yet sure 'tis hard
That virtue, styl'd its own reward,

A Y,

And by all sages understood
 To be the chief of human good,
 Should acting die, nor leave behind
 Some lasting pleasure in the mind,
 Which by remembrance will assuage
 Grief, sickness, poverty, and age,
 And strongly shoot a radiant dart
 To shine thro' life's declining part.

Say, Stella, feel you no content,
 Reflecting on a life well spent?
 Your skilful hand employ'd to save
 Despairing wretches from the grave;
 And then supporting with your store
 Those whom you dragg'd from death before:
 So Providence on mortals waits,
 Preserving what it first creates:
 Your gen'rous boldness to defend
 An innocent and absent friend;
 That courage which can make you just
 To merit humbled in the dust;
 The detestation you express
 For vice in all its glitt'ring dress;
 That patience under tott'ring pain,
 Where stubborn Stoics would complain:
 Must these like empty shadows pass,
 Or forms reflected from a glass?
 Or mere chimaeras in the mind,
 That fly, and leave no marks behind?
 Does not the body thrive and grow
 By food of twenty years ago?

And had it not been still supply'd,
 It must a thousand times have dy'd.
 Then who with reason can maintain
 That no effects of food remain?
 And is not virtue in mankind
 The nutriment that feeds the mind;
 Upheld by each good action past,
 And still continu'd by the last?
 Then, who with reason can pretend
 That all effects of virtue end?

Believe me, Stella, when you show
 That true contempt for things below,
 Nor prize your life for other ends
 Than merely to oblige your friends,
 Your former actions claim their part,
 And join to fortify your heart.
 For virtue in her daily race,
 Like Janus, bears a double face;
 Looks back with joy where she has gone,
 And therefore goes with courage on.
 She at your sickly couch will wait,
 And guide you to a better state.

O then, whatever Heaven intends,
 Take pity on your pitying friends!
 Nor let your ills affect your mind,
 To fancy they can be unkind.
 Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
 Who gladly would your suff'ring share;
 Or give my scrap of life to you,
 And think it far beneath your due;

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. 105

You, to whose care so oft I owe
That I'm alive to tell you so.

* B A L L A D.

O' all the girls that e'er was seen,
There's none so fine as Nelly,
For charming face, and shape, and mien,
And what's not fit to tell ye.

Oh! the turn'd neck and smooth white skin
Of lovely dearest Nelly!

For many a swain it well had been,
Had she ne'er pass'd by Calai-.

For when as Nelly came to France,
(Invited by her cousins,)

Across the Tuilleries each glance
Kill'd Frenchmen by whole dozens.

The King, as he at dinner sat,
Did beckon to his *hussar*,

And bid him bring his tabby-cat,
For charming Nell to buss her.

The ladies were with rage provok'd
To see her so respected:

The men look'd arch, as Nelly strok'd,
And pufs her tail erected.

But not a man did look employ,
Except on pretty Nelly;
Then said the Duke de Villeroy,
Ah! qu'elle est bien jolie!

But who's that grave philosopher
That carefully looks at'er?
By his concern it should appear,
The fair one is his daughter.
Ma foy! (quoth then a courtier sly,)
He on his child does leer too:
I wish he has no mind to try
What some pappas will here do.

The courtiers all with one accord,
Broke out in Nelly's praises,
Admir'd her *rose*, and *lys sans farde*,
(Which are your *termes Françaises*.)
Then might you see a painted ring
Of dames that stood by Nelly;
She like the pride of all the spring,
And they like *fleurs de palais*.

In Marli's gardens, and St Clou,
I saw this charming Nelly,
Where shameless nymphs, expos'd to view,
Stand naked in each *alley*:
But Venus had a brazen face,
Both at Versailles and Meudon,
Or else she had resign'd her place,
And left the stone she stood on.

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Were Nelly's figure mounted there,
'Twould put down all th' Italian :
Lord! how those foreigners would stare!
But I should turn Pygmalion :
For spite of lips, and eyes, and mien,
Me nothing can delight so,
As does that part that lies between
Her left toe and her right toe.

* O D E, F O R M U S I C.

O N T H E
L O N G I T U D E.

R E C I T A T I V O.

TH*E longitude* mis's'd on
By wicked Will. Whiston;
And not better hit on
By good Master Ditton.

R I T O R N E L L O.

So Ditton and Whiston
May both be bep-ft on;
And Whiston and Ditton
May both be besh-t on.
Sing Ditton
Besh-t on;
And Whiston,
Bep-ft on.
Sing Ditton and Whiston,
And Whiston and Ditton,
Besh-t and bep-ft on,
Bep-ft and besh-t on.

DA CA

Vol. I.

EPIGRAM on the feuds about HANDEL and BONONCINI.

STRANGE ! all this difference should be
'Twixt tweedle-*dum* and tweedle-*dee* !

On a LADY who p—t at the tragedy
of CATO ; occasioned by an epigram
on a Lady who wept at it.

WHILE maudlin *Whigs* deplor'd their Cato's fate,
Still with dry eyes the *Tory* Celia fate :
, while her pride forbids her tears to flow,
The gushing waters find a vent below :
To secrete, yet with copious grief she mourns,
The twenty river-gods with all their urns.
Others screw their hypocritic face,
Shews her grief in a sincerer place :
Where nature reigns, and passion void of art ;
That road leads directly to the heart.

* A new SONG of new SIMILIES

My passion is as mustard strong;

I sit all sober sad,

Drunk as a piper all day long,

Or like a March hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;

I drink, yet can't forget her;

For, tho' as drunk as David's fow,

I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger, I'd be,

If Molly were but kind;

Cool as a cucumber could see

The rest of woman-kind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,

And eye her o'er and o'er;

Lean as a rake with sighs and care,

Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,

And soft as silk my skin;

My cheeks as fat as butter grown;

But as a groat now thin!

A SONG OF SIMILIES.

111

LIES

melancholy as a cat

Am kept awake to weep;

But she, insensible of that,

Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone;

She laughs to see me pale,

And merry as a grig is grown,

And brisk as bottled ale.

The god of love at her approach

Is busy as a bee!

Hearts sound as any bell or roach

Are smit, and sigh like me.

My me! as thick as hops or hail,

The fine men croud about her:

But soon as dead as a door-nail

Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my leg her shape appears;

O were we join'd together!

My heart would be scot-free from cares,

And lighter than a feather.

As fine as fivepence is her mien;

No drum was ever tighter;

Her glance is as the razor keen,

And not the sun is brighter.

A SONG OF SIMILIES.

As soft as pap her kisses are;
 Methinks I taste them yet;
 Brown as a berry is her hair,
 Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
 Her pretty hand invites:
 Sharp as a needle are her words;
 Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
 Clean as a penny drest;
 Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
 Round as the globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
 And happy as a king!
 Good Lord! how all men envy'd me!
 She lov'd like any thing.

But false as hell, she, like the wind,
 Chang'd, as her sex must do;
 Tho' seeming as the turtle kind,
 And like the gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
 Let who would take Peru!
 Great as an emp'ror should I be,
 And richer than a Jew.

A SONG OF SIMILIES.

113

Till you grow tender as a chick,

I'm dull as any post:

Let us like burs together stick,

And warm as any toast.

You'll know me truer than a dye,

And wish me better sped,

Flat as a flounder when I lie,

And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear,

And sigh perhaps, and wish,

When I am rotten as a pear,

And mute as any fish.

* NEWGATE'S GARLAND;

Being a new ballad, shewing how Mr Jonathan Wild's
throat was cut from ear to ear with a penknife by
Mr Blake, alias Blueskin, the bold highwayman, as
he stood at his trial in the Old Bailey, 1725.

To the tune of *The cut purse*.

I.

YE gallants of Newgate, whose fingers are nice

In diving in pockets, or cogging of dice;

Ye sharpers so rich, who can buy off the noose;

Ye honefter poor rogues, who die in your shoes,

Attend and draw near,

Good news ye shall hear,

How Jonathan's throat was cut from ear to ear,

How Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,

And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

II.

When to the Old Bailey this Blueskin was led,

He held up his hand; his indictment was read;

Loud rattled his chains; near him Jonathan stood;

For full forty pounds was the price of his blood.

Then, hopeless of life,

He drew his penknife,

And made a sad widow of Jonathan's wife.

But forty pounds paid her, her grief shall appease;

And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

III.

Some say there are courtiers of highest renown,
Who steal the King's gold, and leave him but a crown:
Some say there are peers, and some parliament-men,
Who meet once a-year to rob courtiers agen.

Let them all take their swing

To pillage the King,

And get a blue ribbon, instead of a string.

Now Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease;

And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

IV.

Knaves of old, to hide guilt by their cunning inventions,

Call'd briberies grants, and plain robberies pensions;

Physicians and lawyers (who take their degrees

To be learned rogues) call'd their pilfering fees.

Since this happy day

Now ev'ry man may

Rob (as safe as in office) upon the highway.

For Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease;

And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

V.

Some cheat in the customs, some rob the excise;

But he who robs both is esteemed most wise.

Churchwardens, too prudent to hazard the halter,

As yet only venture to steal from the altar.

But now to get gold,

They may be more bold,

And rob on the highway, since Jonathan's cold:

For Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease;

And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

IV.

Some by publick revenues, which pass'd thro' their
hands,

Have purchas'd clean houses, and bought dirty lands:

Some to steal from a charity think it no sin,

Which at home (says the proverb) does always begin,

But, if ever you be

Assign'd the trustee,

Treat not orphans like masters of the chancery;

But take the highway, and more honestly seize;

For ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

VII.

What a pother has here been with Wood and his brags,

Who would modestly make a few halfpennies pass!

The patent is good, and the precedent's old,

For Diomedé changed his copper for gold:

But, if Ireland despise

The new halfpennies,

With more safety to rob on the road I advise:

For Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set thee at ease;

And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

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P H Y L L I S;

O R,

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

Written in the year 1716.

RESPONDING Phyllis was endow'd
With ev'ry talent of a prude :
She trembled when a man drew near;
Salute her, and she turn'd her ear;
If o'er against her you were plac'd,
She durst not look above your waist :
She'd rather take you to her bed,
Than let you see her dress her head :
In church you hear her, thro' the croud,
Repeat the *absolution* loud :
In church, secure behind her fan,
She durst behold that monster *man*;
There practis'd how to place her head,
And bit her lips to make them red ;
Or, on the mat devoutly kneeling,
Would lift her eyes up to the ceiling,
And heave her bosom unaware,
For neighb'ring beaux to see it bare.
At length a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame.

118 THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

Suppose all parties now agreed,
The writings drawn, the lawyer fee'd,
The vicar and the ring bespoke :
Guess, how could such a match be broke ?
See then what mortals place their bliss in !
Next morn by times the bride was missing :
The mother scream'd, the father chid ;
Where can this idle wench be hid ?
No news of Phil ! the bridegroom came,
And thought his bride had skulk'd for shame ;
Because her father us'd to say,
The girl *had such a bashful way*.

Now John the butler must be sent
To learn the road that Phyllis went.
The groom was wish'd to saddle Crop ;
For John must neither light nor stop,
But find her, wheresoe'er she fled,
And bring her back, alive or dead.

See here again the devil to do ;
For truly John was missing too :
The horse and pillion both were gone !
Phyllis, it seems, was fled with John.

Old Madam, who went up to find
What papers Phil had left behind,
A letter on the toilet sees,
To my much honour'd father—these,
('Tis always done, romances tell us,
When daughters run away with fellows,)
Fill'd with the choicest common-places,
By others us'd in the like cases.

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- " That long ago a *fortune-teller*
 " Exactly said what now befel her;
 " And in a *glafs* had made her see
 " A *serving man of low degree*.
 " It was *her fate*, must be forgiven;
 " For *marriages were made in heav'n*:
 " His pardon begg'd; but, to be plain,
 " She'd do't, if 'twere to do again:
 " Thank'd God, 'twas *neither shame nor sin*;
 " For John was come of *honest kin*.
 " Love never thinks of rich and poor:
 " She'd beg with John from door to door.
 " Forgive her, if it be a crime;
 " She'll ne'er do't *another time*.
 " She ne'er before in all her life
 " Once disobey'd him, *maid nor wife*.
 " One argument she summ'd up all in,
 " The *thing was done, and past recalling*;
 " And therefore hop'd she should recover
 " His favour, when his *passion's over*.
 " She valu'd not what others thought her,
 " And was—his *most obedient daughter*."

Fair maidens, all attend the muse,
 Who now the wand'ring pair pursues:
 Away they rode in homely sort,
 Their journey long, their money short;
 The loving couple well bemir'd;
 The horse and both the riders tir'd:
 Their victuals bad, their lodging worse;
 Phil cry'd, and John began to curse:

120 THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

Phil wish, that she had strain'd a limb,
When first she ventur'd out with him;
John wish'd, that he had broke a leg,
When first for her he quitted Peg.

But what adventures more befell 'em,
The muse hath now no time to tell 'em,
How Johnny wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
Till Phyllis all her trinkets pawn'd :
How oft she broke her marriage-vows
In kindness to maintain her spouse,
Till swains unwholesome spoil'd the trade;
For now the surgeons must be paid,
To whom those perquisites are gone,
In Christian justice due to John.
When food and raiment now grew scarce,
Fate put a period to the farce,
And with exact poetic justice;
For John was landlord, Phyllis hostess :
They keep, at Staines, the old Blue Boar,
Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

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Vol. I.

P E T H O X

T H E

G R E A T.

Written in the year 1723.

FROM Venus born, thy beauty shows;
But who thy father, no man knows:
Nor can the skilful herald trace
The founder of thy antient race:
Whether thy temper, full of fire,
Discovers Vulcan for thy fire;
The god who made Scamander boil,
And round his margin sing'd the soil,
From whence, philosophers agree,
An equal power descends to thee:
Whether from dreadful Mars you claim
The high descent from whence you came;
And, as a proof, shew num'rous scars
Of fierce encounters made in wars,
Those honourable wounds you bore
From head to foot, and *all before*;
And still the bloody field frequent,
Familiar in each leader's tent:
Whether, as the learn'd contend,
You from the neighb'ring Gaul descend;
Or from Parthenope, the proud,
Where numberless thy vot'ries croud:

Whether thy great forefathers came
 From realms that bear Vesputio's name;
 For so conject'ers would obtrude,
 And from thy painted skin conclude:
 Whether, as Epicurus shows,
 The world from jussling seeds arose,
 Which, mingling with prolific strife
 In chaos, kindled into life;
 So your production was the same,
 And from contending atoms came.

Thy fair indulgent mother crown'd
 Thy head with sparkling rubies round:
 Beneath thy decent steps the road
 Is all with precious jewels strow'd.
 The bird of Pallas knows his post,
 Thee to attend, where-e'er thou go'st.

Byzantians boast, that on the clod
 Where once their *Sultan's* horse hath trod,
 Grows neither grass, nor shrub, nor tree:
 The same thy subjects boast of thee.

The greatest lord, when you appear,
 Will deign your livery to wear,
 In all the various colours seen
 Of red, and yellow, blue, and green.

With half a word, when you require,
 The man of bus'ness must retire.

The haughty minister of state
 With trembling must thy leisure wait;
 And, while his fate is in thy hands,
 The bus'ness of the nation stands.

Thou dar'st the greatest prince attack,
Canst hourly set him on the rack,
And, as an instance of thy pow'r,
Incloſe him in a wooden tow'r,
With pungent pains on ev'ry ſide:
So Regulus in torments dy'd.

From thee our youth all virtues learn,
Dangers with prudence to diſcern;
And well thy ſcholars are endu'd
With temp'rance, and with fortitude;
With patience, which all ills ſupports;
And ſecrecy, the art of courts.

The glitt'ring beau could hardly tell,
Without your aid, to read or ſpell;
But, having long convers'd with you,
Knows how to write a billet-doux.

With what delight, methinks, I trace
Your blood in ev'ry noble race!
In whom thy features, ſhape, and mien
Are to the life diſtinctly ſeen.

The Britoſns, once a ſavage kind,
By you were brighten'd and refin'd,
Descendents of the barb'rous Huns,
With limbs robuſt, and voice that ſtuns:
But you have molded them aſreſh,
Remov'd the tough ſuperfluous fleſh,
Taught them to modulate their tongues,
And ſpeak without the help of lungs.

Proteus on you beſtow'd the boon
To change your viſage like the moon;

You sometimes half a face produce,
Keep t'other half for private use.

How fam'd thy conduct in the fight
With Hermes, son of Pleias bright!
Out-number'd, half encompass'd round,
You strove for ev'ry inch of ground;
Then, by a soldierly retreat,
Retir'd to your imperial seat.
The victor, when your steps he trac'd,
Found all the realms before him waste:
You, o'er the high triumphal arch
Pontific, made your glorious march;
The wondrous arch behind you fell,
And left a chasm profound as hell:
You, in your capitol secur'd,
A siege as long as Troy endur'd.

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T O
S T E L L A,

Who collected and transcribed his poems.

Written in the year 1720.

As, when a lofty pile is rais'd,
We never hear the workmen prais'd,
Who bring the lime, or place the stones;
But all admire Inigo Jones;
So, if this pile of scatter'd rhymes
Should be approv'd in after times,
If it both pleases and endures,
The merit and the praise are yours.

Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
When first for thee my harp I strung,
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:
With friendship and esteem possess'd,
He'er admitted love a guest.

In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the mistress, and the wife,
Variety we still pursue,
Pleasure seek for something new;
Else, comparing with the rest,
Take comfort, that our own is best;
The best we value by the worst,
(As tradesmen shew their trash at first:)
And his pursuits are at an end,
Whom Stella chuses for a friend.

A poet starving in a garret,
 Conning old topics like a parrot,
 Invokes his mistress and his muse,
 And stays at home for want of shoes :
 Should but his muse, descending, drop
 A slice of bread, and mutton-chop ;
 Or kindly, when his credit's out,
 Surprise him with a pint of stout ;
 Or patch his broken stocking-foals,
 Or send him in a peck of coals ;
 Exalted in his mighty mind,
 He flies, and leaves the stars behind ;
 Counts all his labours amply paid,
 Adores her for the timely aid.

Or, should a porter make inquiries
 For Chloe, Sylvia, Phyllis, Iris,
 Be told the lodging, lane, and sign,
 The bow'rs that hold those nymphs divine ;
 Fair Chloe would perhaps be found
 With footmen tippling under ground ;
 The charming Sylvia beating flax,
 Her shoulders mark'd with bloody tracks ;
 Bright Phyllis mending ragged smocks ;
 And radiant Iris in the pox.

These are the goddesses inroll'd
 In Curl's collection, new and old,
 Whose scoundrel fathers would not know 'em,
 If they should meet them in a poem.

True poets can depress and raise,
 Are lords of infamy and praise ;

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They are not scurrilous in satire,
Nor will in panegyric flatter.
Unjustly poets we asperse;
Truth shines the brighter clad in verse;
And all the fictions they pursue,
Do but insinuate what is true.

Now, should my praises owe their truth
To beauty, dress, or paint, or youth,
What Stoics call *without our pow'r*,
They could not be insur'd an hour:
'Twere grafting on an annual stock,
That must our expectation mock,
And, making one luxuriant shoot,
Die the next year for want of root:
Before I could my verses bring,
Perhaps you're quite another thing.

So Maevius, when he drain'd his scull
To celebrate some suburb-trull,
His similes in order set,
And ev'ry crambo he could get;
Had gone thro' all the common places
Worn out by wits, who rhyme on faces:
Before he could his poem close,
The lovely nymph had lost her nose.

Your virtues safely I commend;
They on no accidents depend:
Let malice look with all her eyes,
She dares not say the poet lies.

Stella, when you these lines transcribe,
Lest you should take them for a bribe,

Resolv'd to mortify your pride,
I'll here expose your weaker side.

Your spirits kindle to a flame,
Mov'd with the lightest touch of blame;
And when a friend in kindness tries
To shew you where your error lies,
Conviction does but more incense;
Perverseness is your whole defence;
Truth, judgment, wit, give place to spight,
Regardless both of wrong and right;
Your virtues all suspended wait
Till time hath open'd reason's gate;
And, what is worse, your passion bends
Its force against your nearest friends;
Which manners, decency, and pride
Have taught you from the world to hide:
In vain; for see, your friend hath brought
To public light your only fault;
And yet a fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble gen'rous mind;
And may compare to Ætna's fire,
Which, tho' with trembling, all admire;
The heat that makes the summit glow,
Enriching all the vales below.
Those who in warmer climes complain
From Peoebus' rays they suffer pain,
Must own, that pain is largely paid
By gen'rous wines beneath a shade.

Yet, when I find your passions rise,
And anger sparkling in your eyes,

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I grieve those spirits should be spent,
For nobler ends by nature meant.
One passion with a diff'rent turn
Makes wit enflame, or anger burn.
So the sun's heat with diff'rent pow'rs
Ripens the grape, the liquor sours.
Thus Ajax, when with rage possess'd
By Pallas breath'd into his breast,
His valour would no more employ,
Which might alone have conquer'd Troy;
But, blinded by resentment, seeks
For vengeance on his friends, the Greeks.

You think this turbulence of blood
From stagnating preserves the flood,
Which thus fermenting, by degrees
Exalts the spirits, sinks the lees.

Stella, for once you reason wrong;
For, should this ferment last too long,
By time subsiding, you may find
Nothing but acid left behind:
From passion you may then be freed,
When peevishness and spleen succeed.

Say, Stella, when you copy next,
Will you keep strictly to the text?
Dare you let these reproaches stand,
And to your failing set your hand?
Or, if these lines your anger fire,
Shall they in baser flames expire?
Whene'er they burn, if burn they must,
They'll prove my accusation just.

* S T E L L A

T O

D R. S W I F T.

On his birth-day, Nov. 30. 1721.

ST Patrick's Dean, your country's pride,

My early and my only guide;

Let me among the rest attend,

Your pupil and your humble friend,

To celebrate in female strains

The day that paid your mother's pains;

Descend to take that tribute due

In gratitude alone to you.

When men began to call me fair,

You interpos'd your timely care;

You early taught me to despise

The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;

Shew'd where my judgment was misplac'd;

Refin'd my fancy and my taste.

Behold that beauty just decay'd,

Invoking art to nature's aid;

Forfook by her admiring train,

She spreads her tatter'd nets in vain;

Short was her part upon the stage;

Went smoothly on for half a page;

Her bloom was gone, she wanted art,
 As the scene chang'd, to change her part :
 She, whom no lover could resist,
 Before the second act was his'd.

Such is the fate of female race
 With no endowments but a face ;
 Before the thirti'th year of life,
 A maid forlorn, or hated wife.

I. Stella to you, her tutor, owes
 That she has ne'er resembled those ;
 For was a burden to mankind
 With half her course of years behind.
 You taught how I might youth prolong,
 By knowing what was right and wrong ;
 How from my heart to bring supplies
 Of lustre to my fading eyes ;
 How soon a beauteous mind repairs
 The loss of chang'd or falling hairs ;
 How wit and virtue from within
 Send out a smoothness o'er the skin :
 Your lectures could my fancy fix,
 And I can please at thirty-six.
 The sight of Chloe at fifteen
 Quietting, gives not me the spleen ;
 The idol now of every fool
 All time shall make their passions cool ;
 When tumbling down time's steepy hill,
 While Stella holds her station still.
 Turn your precepts into laws,
 And deem the women's ruin'd cause,

132 STELLA TO DR. SWIFT.

Retrieve lost empire to our sex,
That men may bow their rebel necks.

Long be the day that gave you birth
Sacred to friendship, wit, and mirth;
Late dying may you cast a shred
Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
To bear with dignity my sorrow,
One day *alone, then die to-morrow.*

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Vol. I.

THE
JOURNAL
OF A
MODERN LADY.

Written in 1728.

It was a most unfriendly part
In you, who ought to know my heart,
So well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female commonweal——
How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Against the sex to write a satire,
And brand me for a woman-hater?
On me, who think them all so fair,
They rival Venus to a hair;
Their virtues never ceas'd to sing,
Since first I learn'd to tune a string?
Tethinks I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his character bely?
Must never our misfortunes end?
And have we lost our only friend?
Oh, lovely nymphs, remove your fears,
No more let fall those precious tears.

VOL. I.

M

\$

Sooner shall, &c.

[*Here several verses are omitted.*]

The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair.

'Twas you engag'd me first to write,
Then gave the subject out of spite:
The *journal of a modern dame*
Is by my promise what you claim.
My word is past, I must submit;
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but transcribe; for not a line
Of all the satire shall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes
The common slanders of the times,
Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
And me my innocence secures.
Unwilling muse, begin thy lay,
The annals of a female day.

By nature turn'd to play the rake well,
(As we shall shew you in the sequel,)
The modern dame is wak'd by noon,
(Some authors say, not quite so soon,)
Because, tho' fore against her will,
She sat all night up at Quadrille.
She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And asks if it be time to rise;
Of headach and the spleen complains;
And then to cool her heated brains,
Her night-gown and her slippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron-water.

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Then to her glass; and, "Betty, pray

"Don't I look frightfully to-day?

"But was it not confounded hard?

"Well, if I ever touch a card!

"Four *mattadores*, and lose *codill*!

"Depend upon't, I never will.

"But run to Tom, and bid him fix

"The ladies here to-night by six."

Madam, the goldsmith waits below;

He says, his bus'ness is to know

If you'll redeem the silver cup

He keeps in pawn?—"Why, shew him up."

Your dressing-plate he'll be content

To take, for int'rest *cent. per cent.*

And, Madam, there's my Lady Spade

Hath sent this letter by her maid.

Well, I remember what she won;

And hath she sent so soon to dun?

Here, carry down those ten pistoles

My husband left to pay for coals:

I thank my stars, they all are light;

And I may have revenge to-night."

Now, loit'ring o'er her tea and cream,

She enters on her usual theme;

Her last night's ill success repeats,

Calls Lady Spade a hundred cheats:

She slipped Spadillo in her breast,

Then thought to turn it to a jest:

There's Mrs Cut and she combine,

And to each other give the sign."

'Thro' every game pursues her tale,
Like hunters o'er their ev'ning-ale.

Now to another scene give place :
Enter the folks with silks and lace :
Fresh matter for a world of chat,
Right Indian this, right Mechlin that :
Observe this pattern; there's a stuff;
I can have customers enough.
Dear Madam, you are grown so hard——
'This lace is worth twelve pounds a yard :
Madam, if there be truth in man,
I never sold so cheap a fan.

This bus'ness of importance o'er,
And Madam almost dress'd by four,
The footman, in his usual phrase,
Comes up with, Madam, dinner stays.
She answers in her usual style,
'The cook must keep it back a while :
I never can have time to dress;
No woman breathing takes up less;
I'm hurried so, it makes me sick;
I wish the dinner at Old Nick.
At table now she acts her part,
Has all the dinner-cant by heart :
" I thought we were to dine alone,
" My dear; for sure, if I had known
" 'This company would come to-day——
" But really 'tis my spouse's way ;
" He's so unkind, he never sends
" To tell when he invites his friends :

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"I wish ye may but have enough."
 And while with all this paltry stuff
 She sits tormenting every guest,
 Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest,
 In phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
 Which modern ladies call polite;
 You see the booby husband sit
 In admiration at her wit!

But let me now a while survey
 Our Madam o'er her evening-tea;
 Surrounded with her noisy clans
 Of prudes, coquets, and harridans;
 When, frightened at the clam'rous crew,
 Away the god of Silence flew,
 And fair Discretion left the place,
 And Modesty with blushing face:
 Now enters overweening Pride,
 And Scandal ever gaping wide;
 Hypocrisy with frown severe,
 Scurrility with gibing air;
 Rude Laughter seeming like to burst,
 And Malice always judging worst;
 And Vanity with pocket-glass,
 And Impudence with front of brass;
 And study'd Affectation came,
 Each limb and feature out of frame;
 While Ignorance, with brain of lead,
 Flew hov'ring o'er each female head.

Why should I ask of thee, my muse,
 An hundred tongues, as poets use,

When, to give every dame her due,
 An hundred thousand were too few?
 Or, how should I, alas, relate
 The sum of all their senseless prate,
 Their innuendos, hints, and slanders,
 Their meanings lewd, and double entendres?
 Now comes the general scandal-charge;
 What some invent, the rest enlarge;
 And, "Madam, if it be a lie,
 "You have the tale as cheap as I:
 "I must conceal my author's name;
 "But now 'tis known to common fame."

Say, foolish females, bold and blind,
 Say, by what fatal turn of mind,
 Are you on vices most severe,
 Wherein yourselves have greatest share?
 Thus every fool herself deludes;
 The prudes condemn the absent prudes:
 Mopsa, who stinks her spouse to death,
 Accuses Chloe's tainted breath;
 Hircina, rank with sweat, presumes
 To censure Phyllis for perfumes;
 While crooked Cynthia sneering says,
 That Florimel wears iron stays:
 Chloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
 Admires how girls can talk with fellows,
 And, full of indignation, frets,
 'That women should be such coquets:
 Iris, for scandal most notorious,
 "Cries, "Lord, the world is so censorious!"

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And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whispers that Sappho's hair is red :
Aura, whose tongue you hear a mile hence,
Talks half a day in praise of silence :
And Sylvia, full of inward guilt,
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.

Now voices over voices rise,
While each to be the loudest vies ;
They contradict, affirm, dispute,
No single tongue one moment mute ;
All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
They set the very lap-dog barking ;
Their chatt'ring makes a louder din
Than fishwives o'er a cup of gin :
Not schoolboys at a barring-out
Rais'd ever such incessant rout :
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not such a clatter ;
Far less the rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with four election-ale.

Nor do they trust their tongue alone,
But speak a language of their own ;
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book ;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down :
Or, by the tossing of the fan,
Describe the lady and the man.

But see, the female club disbands,
Each twenty visits on her hands.

Now all alone poor Madam sits
In vapours and hysteric fits:

"And was not Tom this morning sent?

"I'd lay my life he never went:

"Past six, and not a living soul!

"I might by this have won a vole."

A dreadful interval of spleen!

How shall we pass the time between?

"Here, Betty, let me take my drops;

"And feel my pulse, I know it stops:

"This head of mine, Lord, how it swims!

"And such a pain in all my limbs!"

Dear Madam, try to take a nap—

But now they hear a footman's rap:

"Go run, and light the ladies up:

"It must be one before we sup."

The table, cards, and counters set,

And all the gamester ladies met,

Her spleen and fits recover'd quite,

Our Madam can sit up all night;

"Whoever comes, I'm not within."——

Quadrille's the word, and so begin.

How can the muse her aid impart,

Unskill'd in all the terms of art?

Or in harmonious numbers put

The deal, the shuffle, and the cut?

The superstitious whims relate,

That fill a female gamester's pate?

What agony of soul she feels

To see a knave's inverted heels?

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She draws up card by card to find
Good fortune peeping from behind;
With panting heart, and earnest eyes,
In hope to see *Spadillo rise*:
In vain, alas! her hope is fed;
She draws an ace, and sees it red.
In ready counters never pays,
But pawns her snuff box, rings, and keys;
Ever with some new fancy struck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
"This morning, when the *parson* came,
"I said I should not win a game.
"This odious chair, how came I stuck in't?
"I think I never had good luck in't.
"I'm so uneasy in my stays;
"Your fan a moment, if you please.
"Stand further, girl, or get you gone;
"I always lose when you look on."
Lord! Madam, you have lost Codill:
I never saw you play so ill.
"Nay, Madam, give me leave to say
"Twas you that threw the game away;
"When Lady Tricksey play'd a four,
"You took it with a *mattadore*;
"I saw you touch your wedding ring
"Before my Lady call'd a king;
"You spoke a word began with H,
"And I know whom you meant to teach,
"Because you held the king of hearts;
"Fie, Madam, leave these little arts."

That's not so bad as one that rubs
 Her chair to call the king of clubs,
 And makes her partner understand
 A mattadore is in her hand.

"Madam, you have no cause to flounce,

"I swear I saw you thrice renounce."

And truly, Madam, I know when

Instead of five you scor'd me ten.

Spadillo here has got a mark;

A child may know it in the dark;

I guess the hand; it seldom fails:

I wish some folks would pare their nails.

While thus they rail, and scold, and storm,

It passes but for common form:

And conscious that they all speak true,

And give each other but their due,

It never interrupts the game,

Or makes them sensible of shame.

The time too precious now to waste,

And supper gobbled up in haste,

Again afresh to cards they run,

As if they had but just begun.

Yet shall I not again repeat,

How oft they squabble, snarl, and cheat.

At last they hear the watchman knock,

A frosty morn—past four o'clock.

The chairmen are not to be found,

"Come, let us play the other round."

Now, all in haste they huddle on

Their hoods and cloaks, and get them gone;

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But first the winner must invite
The company to-morrow night.

Unlucky Madam, left in tears,
(Who now against Quadrille forswears,)
With empty purse and aching head,
Steels to her sleeping spouse to bed.

T H E
C O U N T R Y - L I F E .

Part of a summer spent at the house of GEORGE
ROCHFORD, Esq;

Written in the year 1723.

THALIA, tell in sober lays,
How George, Nim, Dan, Dean pass their days.
Begin, my muse. First from our bow'rs
We sally forth at diff'rent hours;
At seven the Dean, in night-gown drest,
Goes round the house to wake the rest;
At nine, grave Nim and George facetious
Go to the Dean to read Lucretius;
At ten, my Lady comes and hectors,
And kisses George, and ends our lectures;
And when she has him by the neck fast,
Hawls him, and scolds us down to breakfast.
We squander there an hour or more,
And then all hands, boys, to the oar,
All, heteroclite Dan except,
Who neither time nor order kept,
But, by peculiar whimsies drawn,
Peeps in the ponds to look for spawn;
O'ersees the work, or Dragon rows,
Or mars a text, or mends his hose;

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Vol. I.

Or—but proceed we in our journal—
At two, or after, we return all:
From the four elements assembling,
Warn'd by the bell, all folks come trembling:
From airy garrets some descend,
Some from the lake's remotest end:
My Lord and Dean the fire forsake,
Dan leaves the earthly spade and rake:
The loit'ers quake, no corner hides them,
And Lady Betty soundly chides them.
Now water's brought, and dinner's done:
With church and king the Lady's gone;
(Not reck'ning half an hour we pass
In talking o'er a mod'rate glass.)
Dan, growing drowsy, like a thief
Steals off to dose away his beef;
And this must pass for reading Hammond—
While George and Dean go to backgammon.
George, Nim, and Dean set out at four,
And then again, boys, to the ear.
But when the sun goes to the deep,
Not to disturb him in his sleep,
Or make a rumbling o'er his head,
His candle out, and he a-bed,)
We watch his motions to a minute,
And leave the flood, when he goes in it.
Now stinted in the short'ning day,
We go to pray'rs, and then to play,
Till supper comes; and after that
We sit an hour to drink and chat.

'Tis late—the old and younger pairs,
 By Adam lighted, walk up stairs.
 The weary Dean goes to his chamber;
 And Nim and Dan to garret clamber.
 So when the circle we have run,
 The curtain falls, and all is done.

I might have mention'd several facts,
 Like episodes between the acts;
 And tell who loses and who wins,
 Who gets a cold, who breaks his shins;
 How Dan caught nothing in his net,
 And how the boat was overfet.
 For brevity I have retrench'd
 How in the lake the Dean was drench'd :
 It would be an exploit to brag on,
 How valiant George rode o'er the Dragon,
 How steady in the storm he sat,
 And sav'd his oar, but lost his hat :
 How Nim (no hunter e'er could match him)
 Still brings us hares, when he can catch them :
 How skilfully Dan mends his nets;
 How fortune fails him when he sets :
 Or how the Dean delights to vex
 The ladies, or lampoon the sex :
 Or how our neighbour lifts his nose,
 To tell what every schoolboy knows ;
 Then with his finger on his thumb
 Explaining, strikes opposers dumb :
 Or how his wife, that female pedant,
 But now there need no more be said on't.)

Shews all her secrets of housekeeping;
 For candles how she trucks her dripping;
 Was forc'd to send three miles for yeast,
 To brew her ale, and raise her paste;
 Tells every thing that you can think of,
 How she cur'd Tommy of the chincough;
 What gave her brats and pigs the measles,
 And how her doves were kill'd by weasels;
 How Jowler howl'd, and what a fright
 She had with dreams the other night.

But now, since I have gone so far on,
 A word or two of Lord Chief Baron;
 And tell how little weight he sets
 On all Whig papers, and gazettes;
 But for the politics of Pue,
 Thinks every syllable is true.

And since he owns the King of Sweden
 Is dead at last, without evading,
 Now all his hopes are in the Czar:

m: "Why, Muscovy is not so far:
 "Down the Black sea, and up the Streights,
 "And in a month he's at your gates;
 "Perhaps, from what the packet brings,
 "By Christmas we shall see strange things."
 Why should I tell of ponds and drains,
 What carps we met with for our pains;
 Of sparrows tam'd, and nuts innumerable
 To choak the girls, and to consume a rabble?
 But you, who are a scholar, know
 How transient all things are below,

How prone to change is human life !
 Last night arriv'd Clem. and his wife—
 This grand event hath broke our measures ;
 Their reign began with cruel seizures :
 The Dean must with his quilt supply
 The bed in which those tyrants lie :
 Nim lost his wig-block, Dan his jordan,
 (My Lady says, she can't afford one ;)
 George is half scar'd out of his wits,
 For Clem. gets all the dainty bits.
 Henceforth expect a diff'rent survey,
 This house will soon turn topsy-turvey :
 They talk of further alterations,
 Which causes many speculations.

MAR

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MARY THE COOK-MAID'S LETTER

T O

DR. SHERIDAN.

Written in the year 1723.

WELL, if ever I saw such another man since my mother bound my head!

You a gentleman! marry come up, I wonder where you were bred.

I am sure such words do not become a man of your cloth;

I would not give such language to a dog, faith and troth.

Yes, you call'd my master a knave: fie, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis a shame

For a parson, who should know better things, to come out with such a name.

Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis both a shame and a sin;

And the Dean my master is an honestest man than you and all your kin:

He has more goodness in his little finger, than you have in your whole body:

My master is a personable man, and not a spindle-shank'd hoddy-doddy.

And now, whereby I find you would fain make an
excuse,

Because my master one day, in anger, called you goose;
Which, and I am sure, I have been his servant four
years since October,

And he never call'd me worse than sweet-heart, drunk
or sober :

Not that I know his Reverence was ever concern'd to
my knowledge,

'Tho' you and your come-rogues keep him out so late
in your wicked college.

You say you will eat grass on his grave : a Christian
eat grass !

Whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose or an
ass :

But that's as much as to say, that my master should
die before ye ;

Well, well, that's as God pleases ; and I don't believe
that's a true story :

And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my
master ; what care I ?

And I don't care who knows it ; 'tis all one to Mary.
Every body knows, that I love to tell truth, and shame
the devil.

I am but a poor servant ; but I think gentlefolks
should be civil.

Besides, you found fault with our victuals one day
that you was here ;

I remember it was on a Tuesday, of all days in the
year.

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And Saunders the man says you are always jesting and mocking :

Mary, said he, (one day as I was mending my master's stocking,)

My master is so fond of that minister that keeps the school—

I thought my master a wise man, but that man makes him a fool.

Saunders, said I, I would rather than a quart of ale He come into our kitchen, and I would pin a dishclout to his tail.

And now I must go, and get Saunders to direct this letter;

For I write but a sad scrawl; but my sister Marget, she writes better.

Well, but I must run and make the bed, before my master comes from prayers;

And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming up stairs :

Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I could write written hand :

And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to command,

MARY.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE,

While he was writing the DUNCIAD.

POPE has the talent well to speak,
But not to reach the ear;
His loudest voice is low and weak,
The Dean too deaf to hear.

A while they on each other look,
Then different studies chuse;
The Dean sits plodding on a book,
Pope walks, and courts the muse.

Now backs of letters, tho' design'd
For those who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with hints, and interlin'd,
Himself can hardly read 'em.

Each atom by some other struck,
All turns and motions tries:
Till in a lump together stuck,
Behold a *poem* rise:

Yet to the Dean his share allot;
He claims it by a canon;
That without which a thing is not,
Is causa sine qua non.

Thus, I
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Thus, Pope, in vain you boast your wit;

For, had our deaf divine
Been for your conversation fit,

You had not writ a line.

Of prelate thus for preaching fam'd

The sexton reason'd well;

And justly half the merit claim'd,

Because he rang the bell.

D R. D E L A N Y,

On the LIBELS written against him.

— *Tanti tibi non fit opaci*
Omnis arena Tagi.

Juv.

Written in the year 1729.

As some raw youth in country bred,
 To arms by thirst of honour led,
 When at a skirmish first he hears
 The bullets whistling round his ears,
 Will duck his head aside, will start,
 And feel a trembling at his heart;
 Till 'scaping oft without a wound
 Lessens the terror of the sound;
 Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
 He runs into a cannon's chops:
 An author thus who pants for fame,
 Begins the world with fear and shame:
 When first in print you see him dread
 Each pop-gun levell'd at his head:
 The lead yon critic's quill contains,
 Is destin'd to beat out his brains.
 As if he heard loud thunders roll,
 Cries, Lord, have mercy on my soul!

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Concluding, that another shot
Will strike him dead upon the spot.
But, when with squibbing, flashing, popping,
He cannot see one creature dropping;
That, missing fire, or missing aim,
His life is safe, I mean his fame;
The danger past, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critic in the face.

Tho' splendor gives the fairest mark
To poison'd arrows from the dark,
Yet, *in yourself when smooth and round,*
They glance aside without a wound.

'Tis said, the gods try'd all their art,
How *Pain* they might from *Pleasure* part;
But little could their strength avail;
Both still are fasten'd by the tail.
Thus *Fame* and *Censure* with a tether
By fate are always link'd together.

Why will you aim to be preferr'd
In wit before the common herd?
And yet grow mortify'd and vex'd
To pay the penalty annex'd?

'Tis eminence makes envy rise;
As fairest fruits attract the flies.
Should stupid libels grieve your mind,
You soon a remedy may find;
Lie down obscure like other folks
Below the lash of snarlers jokes.
Their faction is five hundred odds;
For every coxcomb lends them rods;

156 TO DR. DELANY, ON THE

And sneers as learnedly as they;
Like females o'er their morning-tea.

You say, the muse will not contain,
And write you must, or break a vein.
Then, if you find the terms too hard,
No longer my advice regard:
But raise your fancy on the wing;
The Irish *senate's* praises sing;
How jealous of the nation's freedom,
And for corruptions, how they weed 'em;
How each the public good pursues,
How far their hearts from private views;
Make all true patriots up to shoe-boys
Huzza their brethren at the Blue-boys;
Thus grown a member of the club,
No longer dread the rage of Grub.

How oft am I for rhyme to seek!
To dress a thought, I toil a week:
And then how thankful to the town,
If all my pains will earn a crown!
Whilst every critic can devour
My work and me in half an hour.
Would men of genius cease to write,
The rogues must die for want and spite;
Must die for want of food and raiment,
If scandal did not find them payment.
How chearfully the hawkers cry
A satire, and the gentry buy!
While my hard-labour'd poem pines
Unfold upon the printer's lines.

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A genius in the rev'rend gown
 Must ever keep its owner down;
 'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
 And spoils the credit of the function.
 Round all your brethren cast your eyes;
 Point out the surest men to rise;
 That club of candidates in black,
 The least deserving of the pack,
 Aspiring, factious, fierce, and loud,
 With grace and learning unendu'd,
 Can turn their hands to ev'ry job,
 The fittest tools to work for Bob;
 Will sooner coin a thousand lies,
 Than suffer men of parts to rise;
 They croud about preferment's gate,
 And press you down with all their weight.
 For, as of old mathematicians
 Were by the vulgar thought magicians;
 So academic dull ale-drinkers
 Pronounce all men of wit *freethinkers*.

Wit, as the ch'ef of virtue's friends,
 Disdains to serve ignoble ends.
 Observe what loads of stupid rhymes
 Oppress us in corrupted times:
 What pamphlets in a court's defence
 Shew reason, grammar, truth, or sense?
 For tho' the muse delights in fiction,
 She ne'er inspires against conviction.
 Then keep your virtue still unmixt,
 And let not faction come betwixt:

158 TO DR. DELANY, ON THE

By party steps no grandeur climb at,
 Tho' it would make you England's primate:
 First learn the science to be dull,
 You then may soon your conscience lull;
 If not, however seated high,
 Your genius in your face will fly.

When Jove was from his teeming head
 Of wit's fair goddess brought to bed,
 There follow'd at his lying-in
 For afterbirth a Sooterkin;
 Which, as the nurse pursu'd to kill,
 Attain'd by flight the muses hill,
 There in the soil began to root,
 And litter'd at Parnassus' foot.
 From hence the critic vermin sprung
 With harpy claws and pois'nous tongue,
 Who fatten on poetic scraps,
 Too cunning to be caught in traps.
 Dame Nature, as the learned show,
 Provides each animal its foe:
 Hounds hunt the hare, the wily fox
 Devours your geese, the wolf your flocks:
 Thus Envy pleads a nat'ral claim
 To persecute the muses fame;
 On poets in all times abusive,
 From Homer down to Pope inclusive.

Yet what avails it to complain?
 You try to take revenge in vain.
 A rat your utmost rage defies,
 That safe behind the wainscot lies:

Say, did you ever know by sight
In cheese an individual mite?
Shew me the same numeric flea,
That bit your neck but yesterday:
You then may boldly go in quest
To find the Grub-street poet's nest;
What spunging-house in dread of jail
Receives them, while they wait for bail;
What alley they are nestled in,
To flourish o'er a cup of gin:
Find the last garret where they lay,
Or cellar where they starve to day.
Suppose you had them all trepann'd,
With each a libel in his hand,
What punishment would you inflict?
Or call 'em rogues, or get 'em kickt?
These they have often try'd before;
You but oblige 'em so much more:
Themselves would be the first to tell,
To make their trash the better sell.

You have been libell'd—Let us know,
What fool officious told you so?
Will you regard the hawker's cries,
Who in his titles always lies?
Whate'er the noisy scoundrel says,
It might be something in your praise:
And praise bestow'd on Grub-street rhymes
Would vex one more a thousand times.
Till critics blame, and judges praise,
The poet cannot claim his bays.

On me, when dunces are satiric,
I take it for a panegyric.

Hated by fools, and fools to hate,

Be that my motto, and my fate.

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O N
D R E A M S.

An imitation of PETRONIUS.

Written in the year 1724.

Somnia quae mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris, &c.

THOSE dreams, that on the silent night intrude,
And with false flitting shades our minds delude,
Jove never sends us downward from the skies;
Nor can they from infernal mansions rise;
But are all mere productions of the brain,
And fools consult interpreters in vain.

For, when in bed we rest our weary limbs,
The mind unburthen'd sports in various whims;
The busy head with mimic art runs o'er
The scenes and actions of the day before.

The drousy tyrant, by his minions led,
To regal rage devotes some patriot's head.
With equal terrors, not with equal guilt,
The murd'rer dreams of all the blood he spilt.

The soldier smiling hears the widows cries,
And stabs the son before the mother's eyes.
With like remorse his brother of the trade,
The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his blade.

The statesman rakes the town to find a plot,
And dreams of forfeitures by treason got.

Nor less Tom-t—d-man, of true statesman mold,
Collects the city-filth in search of gold.

Orphans around his bed the lawyer fees,
And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees.
His fellow pick-purse, watching for a job,
Fancies his fingers in the cully's fob.

The kind physician grants the husband's pray'rs,
Or gives relief to long-expecting heirs.
The sleeping hangman ties the fatal noose,
Nor unsuccessful waits for dead mens shoes.

The grave divine with knotty points perplexed,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his text :
While the sly mountebank attends his trade,
Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.

The hireling senator of modern days
Bedaubs the guilty great with nauseous praise :
And Dick the scavenger with equal grace
Flirts from his cart the mud in W—l—c's face.

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T O

S T E L L A

Visiting me in my sickness, October 1727.

PALLAS, observing Stella's wit

Was more than for her sex was fit,
And that her beauty, soon or late,
Might breed confusion in the state,
In high concern for human-kind,
Fix'd *honour* in her infant mind.

But, (not in wranglings to engage
With such a stupid vicious age,)
If honour I would here define,
It answers faith in things divine.
As nat'ral life the body warms,
And, scholars teach, the soul informs;
So honour animates the whole,
And is the spirit of the soul.

Those num'rous virtues which the tribe
Of tedious moralists describe,
And by such various titles call,
True honour comprehends them all.
Let melancholy rule supreme,
Choler preside, or blood, or phlegm,
It makes no diff'rence in the case,
Nor is complexion honour's place.

But, lest we should for honour take
 The drunken quarrels of a rake;
 Or think it seated in a scar,
 Or on a proud triumphal car,
 Or in the payment of a debt
 We lose with sharpeners at Picquet;
 Or when a whore in her vocation
 Keeps punctual to an assignation;
 Or that on which his Lordship swears,
 When vulgar knaves would lose their ears;
 Let Stella's fair example preach
 A lesson she alone can teach.

In points of honour to be try'd,
 All passions must be laid aside:
 Ask no advice, but think alone;
 Suppose the question not your own:
 How shall I act? is not the case;
 But how would Brutus in my place?
 In such a case would Cato bleed?
 And how would Socrates proceed?

Drive all objections from your mind,
 Else you relapse to human-kind;
 Ambition, avarice, and lust,
 And factious rage, and breach of trust,
 And flatt'ry tipt with nauseous flier,
 And guilty shame, and servile fear,
 Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
 Will in your tainted heart preside.

Heroes and heroines of old
 By honour only were enroll'd

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Among their brethren in the skies,
To which (tho' late) shall Stella rise.
Ten thousand oaths upon record
Are not so sacred as her word:
The world shall in its atoms end,
Ere Stella can deceive a friend.
By honour seated in her breast
She still determines what is best:
What indignation in her mind
Against enslavers of mankind!
Base kings, and ministers of state,
Eternal objects of her hate.

She thinks that nature ne'er design'd
Courage to man alone confin'd:
Can cowardice her sex adorn,
Which most exposes ours to scorn?
She wonders where the charm appears
In Florimel's affected fears;
For Stella never learn'd the art
At proper times to scream and start;
Nor calls up all the house at night,
And swears she saw a thing in white.
Doll never flies to cut her lace,
Or throw cold water in her face,
Because she heard a sudden drum,
Or found an earwig in a plum.

Her hearers are amaz'd from whence
Proceeds that fund of wit and sense;
Which, tho' her modesty would shroud,
Breaks like the sun behind a cloud;

While gratefulness its art conceals,
And yet thro' every motion steals.

Say, Stella, was Prometheus blind,
And, forming you, mistook your kind?

No; 'twas for you alone he stole

The fire that forms a manly soul;

Then, to compleat it ev'ry way,

He moulded it with female clay :

To that you owe the nobler flame,

To this the beauty of your frame.

How would Ingratitude delight,

And how would Censure glut her spight,

If I should Stella's kindness hide

In silence, or forget with pride?

When on my sickly couch I lay,

Impatient both of night and day,

Lamenting in unmanly strains,

Call'd ev'ry pow'r to ease my pains ;

Then Stella ran to my relief

With chearful face, and inward grief ;

And, tho' by heav'n's severe decree

She suffers hourly more than me,

No cruel master could require

From slaves employ'd for daily hire,

What Stella, by her friendship warn'd,

With vigour and delight perform'd :

My sinking spirits now supplies

With cordials in her hands and eyes ;

Now with a soft and silent tread

Unheard she moves about my bed.

I see her taste each nauseous draught,
And so obligingly am caught :
I bless the hand from whence they came,
Nor dare distort my face for shame.

Best pattern of true friends, beware :
You pay too dearly for your care,
If, while your tenderness secures
My life, it must endanger yours ;
For such a fool was never found,
Who pull'd a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for an house decay'd.

VERSES

ON THE
DEATH OF
DR. SWIFT,

Occasioned by reading the following maxim in
ROCHEFOUCAULT.

*Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons tou-
jours quelque chose, qui ne nous déplait pas.*

In the adversity of our best friends we always find
something that doth not displease us.

Written in Nov. 1731.

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true;
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.

This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
“ In all distresses of our friends
“ We first consult our private ends;
“ While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
“ Points out some circumstance to please us.”

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VOL: 2

If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals rais'd above our size.

Who would not at a crouded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?

I love my friend as well as you:

But why should he obstruct my view?

Then let me have the higher post;

Suppose it but an inch at most.

If in a battle you should find

One, whom you love of all mankind

Had some heroic action done,

A champion kill'd, or trophy won;

Rather than thus be overtopt,

Would you not wish his laurels cropt?

Dear honest Ned is in the gout,

Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:

How patiently you hear him groan!

How glad, the case is not your own!

What poet would not grieve to see

His brother write as well as he?

But, rather than they should excel,

Would wish his rivals all in hell?

Her end when emulation misses,

She turns to envy, stings, and hisses:

The strongest friendship yields to pride,

Unless the odds be on our side.

Vain human-kind! fantastic race!

Thy various follies who can trace?

Self love, ambition, envy, pride,
 Their empire in our hearts divide.
 Give others riches, power, and station;
 'Tis all on me an usurpation.
 I have no tittle to aspire;
 Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
 In Pope I cannot read a line,
 But with a sigh I wish it mine:
 When he can in one couplet fix
 More sense than I can do in six,
 It gives me such a jealous fit,
 I cry, Pox take him and his wit.
 I grieve to be outdone by Gay
 In my own hum'rous biting way.
 Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
 Who dares to irony pretend,
 Which I was born to introduce,
 Refin'd at first, and shew'd its use.
 St. John, as well as Pultney, knows
 That I had some repute for prose;
 And, till they drove me out of date;
 Could maul a minister of state.
 If they have mortify'd my pride,
 And made me throw my pen aside;
 If with such talents heav'n hath bless'd 'em,
 Have I not reason to detest 'em?
 To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
 Thy gifts, but never to my friend:
 I tamely can endure the first;
 But this with envy makes me burst.

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Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die ;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends :
And, tho' 'tis hardly understood,
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak :
See, how the Dean begins to break !
Poor Gentleman, he drops apace !
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him, till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays :
He recollects not what he says ;
He cannot call his friends to mind ;
Forgets the place where last he din'd ;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er ;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy, we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit ?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
'Faith he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter :
In half the time he talks them round :
There must another set be found.

For poetry, he's past his prime ;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme :

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Who for his wine will bear his jokes.

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Or change his comrades once a quarter :

In half the time he talks them round :

There must another set be found.

For poetry, he's past his prime ;

He takes an hour to find a rhyme :

His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy sunk, his muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen;—
But there's no talking to some men.

And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years:
He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers Charles the Second:
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach too begins to fail:
Last year we thought him strong and hale;
But now he's quite another thing:
I wish he may hold out till spring.
They hug themselves, and reason thus;
It is not yet so bad with us.

In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily how-d'ye's come of course,
And servants answer, "Worse and worse!")
Would please them better, than to tell,
That, God be prais'd, the Dean is well.
Then he who prophesy'd the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest:
"You know I always fear'd the worst,
"And often told you so at first."

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He'd rather chuse that I should die,
Than his predictions prove a lie.
Not one foretells I shall recover;
But all agree to give me over.

Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain;
How many a message would he send?
What hearty pray'rs that I should mend?
Inquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me ease, and how I slept?
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the sniv'lers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear;
For tho' you may mistake a year,
Tho' your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verifi'd at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive!
How is the Dean? He's just alive.
Now the departing pray'r is read;
He hardly breathes—The Dean is dead.

Before the passing-bell begun,
The news thro' half the town is run.
Oh! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?
I know no more than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses.
To public uses! there's a whim!
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
He gave it all——but first he dy'd.

And had the Dean in all the nation
 No worthy friend, no poor relation?
 So ready to do strangers good,
 Forgetting his own flesh and blood.

Now Grubstreet wits are all employ'd;
 With elegies the town is cloy'd :
 Some paragraph in ev'ry paper
 To *curse* the *Dean*, or *bless* the *Drapier*.
 The doctors, tender of their fame,
 Wisely on me lay all the blame.
 We must confess his case was nice ;
 But he would never take advice.
 Had he been rul'd, for ought appears,
 He might have liv'd these twenty years :
 For when we open'd him, we found,
 That all his vital parts were found.
 From Dublin soon to London spread,
 'Tis told at court, the Dean is dead.
 And Lady Suffolk in the spleen
 Runs laughing up to tell * * *
 The *** so gracious, mild, and good,
 Cries, " Is he gone! 'tis time he should.
 " He's dead, you say; * * * rot ;
 " I'm glad the medals were forgot.
 " I promis'd him, I own; but when?
 " I only was the * * * then;
 " But now as consort of the * * *
 " You know 'tis quite another thing.
 Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
 Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy :

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Why, if he dy'd without his shoes,
 (Cries Bob,) I'm sorry for the news :
 Oh, were the wretch but living still,
 And in his place my good friend Will!
 Or had a mitre on his head,
 Provided Bolingbroke were dead !

Now Curl his shop from rubbish drains :
 Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains !
 And then, to make them pass the glibber,
 Revis'd by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.
 He'll treat me as he does my betters,
 Publish my will, my life, my letters ;
 Revive the libels born to die ;
 Which Pope must bear, as well as I.

Here shift the scene to represent
 How those I love my death lament.
 Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
 A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear
 To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
 The rest will give a shrug and cry,
 " I'm sorry—but we all must die !"

Indiff'rence clad in wisdom's guise
 All fortitude of mind supplies :
 For how can stony bowels melt
 In those who never pity felt !
 When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
 Resigning to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
 Are tortur'd with suspense and fear ;

Who wisely thought my age a screen,
 When death approach'd, to stand between:
 The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
 They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts
 Have better learn'd to act their parts,
 Receive the news in doleful dumps:
 "The Dean is dead (pray what is trumps?)
 "Then, Lord, have mercy on his soul!
 "(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
 "Six deans, they say, must bear the pall,
 "(I wish I knew what king to call.)
 "Madam, your husband will attend
 "The fun'ral of so good a friend:
 "No, Madam, 'tis a shocking sight;
 "And he's engag'd to morrow night:
 "My Lady Club will take it ill,
 "If he should fail her at Quadrille.
 "He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a heart,)
 "But dearest friends, they say, must part.
 "His time was come; he ran his race;
 "We hope he's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friends should die!
 No loss more easy to supply.
 One year is past; a diff'rent scene!
 No farther mention of the Dean,
 Who now, alas! is no more mist,
 Than if he never did exist.
 Where's now the fav'rite of Apollo?
 Departed:—*and his works must follow,*

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Must undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country squire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.

Says Lintot, "I have heard the name;

"He dy'd a year ago." The same.

He searches all the shop in vain.

"Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane:

"I sent them with a load of books,

"Last Monday to the pastry-cook's,

"To fancy they could live a year!

"I find you're but a stranger here.

"The Dean was famous in his time,

"And had a kind of knack at rhyme.

"His way of writing now is past:

"The town has got a better taste.

"I keep no antiquated stuff;

"But spick and span I have enough.

"Pray, do but give me leave to shew 'em:

"Here's Colley Cibber's birth-day poem.

"This ode you never yet have seen

"By Stephen Duck upon the Queen.

"Then here's a letter finely penn'd

"Against the Craftsman and his friend:

"It clearly shews that all reflection

"On ministers is disaffection.

"Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication,

"And Mr Henley's last oration.

"The hawkers have not got them yet:

"Your Honour please to have a set?

" Here's Woolston's tracts, the twelfth edition;
 " 'Tis read by ev'ry politician:
 " The country-members when in town,
 " To all their boroughs send them down;
 " You never met a thing so smart;
 " The courtiers have them all by heart:
 " Those maids of honour who can read,
 " Are taught to use them for their creed.
 " The rev'rend author's good intention
 " Hath been rewarded with a pension:
 " He doth an honour to his gown,
 " By bravely running *priestcraft* down:
 " He shews, as sure as God's in Glouc'ster,
 " That———was a grand impostor;
 " That all his miracles were cheats,
 " Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:
 " The church had never such a writer:
 " A shame he hath not got a mitre.

Suppose me dead; and then suppose
 A club assembled at the rose.
 Where, from discourse of this and that,
 I grow the subject of their chat.
 And while they tofs my name about,
 With favour some, and some without;
 One quite indiff'rent in the cause,
 My character impartial draws.

The Dean, if we believe report,
 Was never ill receiv'd at court.
 Altho' ironically grave,
 He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave:

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To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own.

“ Sir, I have heard another story;

“ He was a most *confounded Tory*.

“ And grew, or he is much bely’d,

“ Extremely *dull*, before he dy’d.”

Can we the Drapier then forget?

Is not our nation in his debt?

’Twas he that writ the *Drapier’s letters*!—

“ He should have left them for his *bettors*;

“ We had a hundred *abler men*,

“ Nor need *depend* upon his *pen*.—

“ Say what you will about his *reading*,

“ You never can *defend* his *breeding*;

“ Who in his *satires*, running riot,

“ Could never leave the *world* in *quiet*;

“ Attacking, when he took the *whim*,

“ *Court, city, camp*,—all one to him.——

“ But why would he, except he *slobber’d*,

“ Offend our *patriot*, great Sir Robert,

“ Whose *counsels* aid the sov’*reign pow’r*

“ To save the nation ev’*ry hour*?

“ What *scenes* of evil he unravels

“ In *satires, libels, lying travels*!

“ Not sparing his own *clergy-cloth*,

“ But *eats* into it, like a *moth*!——

Perhaps I may allow, the Dean

Had too much satire in his vein,

And seem’d determin’d not to starve it,

Because no age could more deserve it.

Yet malice never was his aim;
 He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name.
 No individual could resent,
 Where thousands equally were meant:
 His satire points at no defect,
 But what all mortals may correct;
 For he abhorr'd that senseless tribe
 Who call it humour when they gibe:
 He spar'd a hump, or crooked nose,
 Whose owners set not up for beaux.
 True genuine dulness mov'd his pity,
 Unless it offered to be witty.
 Those who their ignorance confess,
 He ne'er offended with a jest;
 But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
 A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.
 Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
 Must be or *ridicul'd*, or *lash'd*.
 If you *resent* it, who's to blame?
 He neither knew *you*, nor your *name*.
 Should *vice* expect to 'scape rebuke,
 Because its *owner* is a *duke*?
 His friendships, still too few confin'd,
 Were always of the middling kind;
 No fools of rank or mongrel breed,
 Who fain would pass for lords indeed,
 Where titles give no right or power,
 And peerage is a wither'd flower.
 He would have deem'd it a disgrace,
 If such a wretch had known his face.

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On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
He vented oft his wrath in vain :

—Squires to market brought ;
Who sell their souls and—for nought ;
The——go joyful back,
To——the church, their tenants rack,
Go snacks with * * * * *

And keep the peace, to pick up fees :
In every job to have a share,
A jail or t—np—e to repair ;
And turn the——for public roads
Commodious to their own abodes.

He never thought an honour done him,
Because a peer was proud to own him ;
Would rather slip aside, and chuse
To talk with wits in dirty shoes ;
And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing Chartres.
He never courted men in station,
Nor persons held in admiration ;
Of no man's greatness was afraid,
Because he sought for no man's aid.
Tho' trusted long in great affairs,
He gave himself no haughty airs :
Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends :
And only chose the wise and good ;
No flatterers ; no allies in blood ;
But succour'd virtue in distress,
And seldom fail'd of good success ;

As numbers in their hearts must own,
Who, but for him, had been unknown.

He kept with princes due decorum;
Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd David's lesson just;
In princes never put his trust:
And, would you make him truly four,
Provoke him with a slave in power.
The I—sh f—te if you nam'd,
With what impatience he declaim'd!
Fair LIBERTY was all his cry;
For her he stood prepar'd to die;
For her he boldly stood alone;
For her he oft expos'd his own.
Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
Had set a price upon his head;
But not a traitor could be found,
To sell him for six hundred pound.

Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen,
He might have rose like other men:
But power was never in his thought,
And wealth he valu'd not a groat:
Ingratitude he often found,
And pity'd those who meant the wound:
But kept the tenor of his mind,
To merit well of human kind:
Nor made a sacrifice of those
Who still were true, to please his foes.
He labour'd many a fruitless hour,
To reconcile his friends in power;

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Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
While they pursu'd each other's ruin.
But, finding vain was all his care,
He left the court in mere despair.

And, oh! how short are human schemes!
Here ended all our golden dreams.
What St. John's skill in state-affairs,
What Ormond's *valour*, Oxford's cares,
To save their sinking country lent,
Was all destroy'd by one event.
Too soon that precious life was ended,
On which alone our weal depended.
When up a dangerous faction starts,
With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
By *solemn league and cov'nant bound*,
To ruin, slaughter, and confound;
To turn religion to a fable,
And make the government a Babel:
Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
Corrupt the f—te, rob the c——:
To sacrifice old E——d's glory,
And make her infamous in story.
When such a tempest shook the land,
How could unguarded virtue stand?

With horror, grief, despair, the Dean
Beheld the dire destructive scene:
His friends in exile, or the tower,
Himself within the frown of power;
Pursu'd by base invenom'd pens,
Far to the land of S—— and fens;

A servile race in folly nurs'd,
Who truckle most, when treated worst.

By innocence and resolution;
He bore continual persecution;
While numbers to preferment rose,
Whose merit was to be his foes.
When *ev'n his own familiar friends*,
Intent upon their private ends,
Like renegadoes now he feels,
Against him lifting up their heels.

The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
An infamous destructive cheat:
Taught fools their interest how to know,
And gave them arms to ward the blow.
Envy hath own'd it was his doing,
To save that hapless land from ruin;
While they who at the steerage stood,
And reap'd the profit, fought his blood.

To save them from their evil fate,
In him was held a crime of state.
A wicked monster on the bench,
Whose fury blood could never quench;
As vile and profligate a villain,
As modern Scroggs, or old Tresilian;
Who long all justice had discarded,
Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded;
Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
And make him of his zeal repent:
But heav'n his innocence defends,
The grateful people stand his friends;

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Not strains of law, nor judges frown,
 Nor topics brought to please the c——,
 Nor witnesses hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
 Prevail to bring him in convict.

In exile, with a steady heart,
 He spent his life's declining part;
 Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
 Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay.

“ Alas, poor *Dean*! his only scope
 “ Was to be held a *misanthrope*.
 “ This into gen’ral *odium* drew him,
 “ Which if he lik’d, *much good may’t do him*.
 “ His *zeal* was not to lash our *crimes*,
 “ But *discontent* against the times:
 “ For had we made him *timely* offers
 “ To *raise* his *post*, or *fill* his *coffers*,
 “ Perhaps he might have truckled down,
 “ Like other *brethren* of his *gown*.
 “ For *party* he would scarce have bled:—
 “ I say no more—because he’s *dead*.—
 “ What *writings* has he left behind?

I hear they’re of a diff’rent kind:

A few in *verse*; but most in *prose*—

“ Some *high-flown pamphlets*, I suppose:—
 “ All scribbled in the *worst* of *times*,
 “ To *palliate* his friend Oxford’s *crimes*,
 “ To praise Queen Anne, nay more, defend her,
 “ As never fav’ring the *pretender*:—
 “ Or *libels* yet conceal’d from sight,
 “ Against the *court* to shew his *spight*:

" Perhaps his *travels, part the third* ;

" A lie at ev'ry *second word*—

" Offensive to a *loyal ear* :—

" But—not one *sermon*, you may *swear*.—

He knew an hundred pleasing stories,
With all the turns of Whigs and Tories :
Was chearful to his dying day,
And friends would let him have his way.

As for his works in verse or prose,
I own myself no judge of those.
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em ;
But this I know, all people bought 'em,
As with a moral view design'd,
To *please* and to *reform* mankind :
And, if he often miss'd his aim,
The *world* must own it, to their *shame*,
The *praise* is *his*, and theirs the *blame*.
He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad ;
To shew, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
I wish it soon may have a better.
And, since you dread no farther *lashes*,
Methinks you may *forgive his ashes*.

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T O T H E
E A R L O F P E T E R B O R O W ,

Who commanded the British forces in Spain.

Written in the year 1706.

MORDANTO fills the trump of fame,
The Christian world his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crouded with his name.

In journies he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics, and gives the toast.

Knows ev'ry prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a squib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette A-la-main,
This day arriv'd, without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A messenger comes all a-reck
Mordanto at Madrid to seek;
He left the town above a week.

Next day the postboy winds his horn,
And rides thro' Dover in the morn:
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The roads are with his foll'wers strown,
This breaks a girth, and that a bone;

His body active as his mind,
Returning sound in limb and wind,
Except some leather lost behind.

A skeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpse, tho' full of vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion,
He's with you like an apparition.

Shines in all climates like a star;
In senates bold, and fierce in war;
A land commander, and a tar:

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his name-fake Charles of Sweden.



THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

1811

1811

1811